

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 378.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1835.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS.

*Nautical and Hydraulic Experiments, with numerous Scientific Miscellanies.* By Col. Mark Beaufoy, F.R.S. &c. Vol. I. royal 4to. Printed at the private Press of Col. Beaufoy.

It is now some three or four months since certain gentlemen, known as connected with science in the two Universities, and in the metropolis, found themselves each in possession of a goodly quarto volume of 700 and odd pages, superbly printed, illustrated by twenty plates—(among the finest specimens of machine engraving ever executed), and wood-cuts *passim*, and bearing the above title. As he opened this magnificent volume, each read upon the first page of it the following epistle dedicatory—his own name filling up the blank space in it.

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"The acceptance of a Copy of  
Colonel Beaufoy's

*Nautical and Hydraulic Experiments*, is most respectfully solicited by the Publisher. For never anything can be amiss, When simpleness and duty tender it.—SHAKESPEARE. The second and third volumes will be duly forwarded as soon as printed.

"South Lambeth. Henry Beaufoy."

Of the munificence of the gift, some idea will be formed when we have described it. The following is the history of the work.

It appears that Col. M. Beaufoy, the author, and the father of the gentleman who, at his own great cost and charge, has published it—

...had made his first experiments upon the Resistance of Solids moving through Water, before he was fifteen years of age; and he pursued the subject, with unabated zeal, until within a few months of his death. His attention was first drawn to the subject in consequence of his hearing stated one evening by an eminent mathematician, as an axiom generally received by naval mechanics, that 'a cone drawn through the water with its base foremost, experienced less resistance from the fluid than with its apex foremost.'

"This paradoxical assertion excited young Beaufoy's curiosity, and before bed-time, and with the assistance of a neighbouring turner, he ascertained the fallacy of the alleged opinion, by making the experiment in one of the coolers in his father's brewhouse, the large bunch of counting-house keys being put in requisition for a motive power."

The impetus was thus given, and the prevailing tendency of the man's thoughts seems strangely enough to have been fixed by it for his life;—of that life, so far as it was connected with science, the experiments and calculations recorded in the work before us are the result, and the work itself an appropriate monument erected at the hands of his son. The first experiments of Col. Beaufoy, on the resistance of fluids, were made by attaching different solid bodies to a pendulum, suspended over a kind of trough containing water; the pendulum was inclined in

each case at the same angle, and loaded, so as to have the same weight, and then being allowed to descend by this weight through the fluid, the angle through which its first oscillation took place, was observed, and this angle was taken as a measure of the greater or less degree of resistance opposed by the fluid to its motion. There are numerous objections to this method of experimenting on fluid resistance; it is very possible that the body best calculated to move through fluid occupying the confined space of the trough, and revolving in a circular arc, may not be that best calculated to move in a straight line, and through a mass of fluid of unlimited dimensions. And, moreover, the different solids used would have different momenta of inertia, of which their velocities at any instant in free space—and, therefore, their resistances in a resisting space,—would necessarily be functions. Thus, the correct interpretation of experiments on resistance made with the pendulum, would necessarily be very complicated and difficult; and, indeed, in the existing state of science, it would be impracticable. It was probably for these reasons that Col. Beaufoy held none of his pendulum experiments in any estimation; although he seems to have considered them sufficient for showing the comparative resistances of the solids tried under similar circumstances. On these experiments we shall make no further remark than this, that they indicate the singular fact, confirmed by other experiments of a far more accurate nature, that increasing the length of a solid of almost any form, by the addition of a cylinder in the middle, exceedingly diminishes the resistance with which it moves, provided the weight in water remain the same; also, that the greatest width of a body moving in a fluid, should not lie in the middle, but rather near to its anterior extremity.

Impressed with the insufficiency of these experiments, and viewing the subject, with justice, as one of *national* importance, Col. Beaufoy appears to have been the founder of a society calling itself 'A Society for the improvement of Naval Architecture.'

"A meeting, in consequence of a public advertisement for that purpose, was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, on Thursday, the 14th of April, 1791, to take into consideration the expediency of instituting 'A Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture.' It was attended by a numerous company of noblemen and gentlemen, when it was unanimously agreed:—

"That the theory and art of ship-building being objects of the first magnitude and importance to these kingdoms, and not so well understood in this country as matters of so much consequence deserve, a remedy for this radical deficiency merited the attention of every well-wisher to the true interests of Great Britain.

"That the most effectual remedy for this deficiency would be, to concentrate the theoretical and practical wisdom of this country, by

the institution of a Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture.

"That such a Society be instituted, under the direction of a president, vice-presidents, and other officers, and that His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence be requested to accept the office of president, and to lay the plan of it before His Majesty."

"This Society resolved, by the assistance of their own members, and other gentlemen properly qualified, to make a series of experiments on the resistance of water, upon a much more extensive scale than any which had yet been made in this or any other country.

"A committee of gentlemen was chosen for the purpose of conducting the experiments.

"The Greenland Dock was fixed upon as the largest and most convenient piece of still water for the purpose near London, and they chose the upper end, as there they would be less liable to be disturbed by the general business of the dock; and conceived that the 400 feet run, and 11 feet depth of water, obtained at that part of the dock, were amply sufficient to answer the views of the Society.

"Though a committee of gentlemen was chosen, all of whom entertained the most ardent desire to render themselves useful in the business, yet from their professional and other individual concerns, few of them were able to bestow more than their occasional assistance; the whole onus, therefore, of regular attendance, from first to last, and of conducting the process, (for he never absented himself for a single day,) was borne by Colonel Beaufoy; the assistant secretary to the Society, Mr. James Scott; and by Captain John Leard, as often as his nautical duties would permit him to attend.

"For some years the calculations were made at Colonel Beaufoy's residence at Hackney Wick, by himself, assisted by his wife, who contributed no inconsiderable share to the progress and success of the Experiments; for, favoured alike in person and in mind, being a woman of considerable talent and scientific attainments, besides the usual female accomplishments in which she excelled, she was a good mathematician and practical astronomer, familiar with all the details of the observatory, the calculation of eclipses, &c.; and by method and strict economy of her time, while the domestic arrangements proceeded with perfect regularity, she was never at a loss for leisure in the furtherance of her husband's pursuits. But,

"Pauca decet, rosâque tabellis

"Ut bene depictâ floris odore caret."

"She died in the year 1800, at an early age, after a few hours' illness; an irreparable loss to her husband. He survived her twenty-seven years, and proved the sincerity of his attachment to her memory by not marrying again. A few hours before he died, he spoke of her with emotion, which shewed that time had not caused the smallest diminution in his affection for this estimable woman.

"After her decease the calculations were continued by Colonel Beaufoy, in association with the assistant secretary, Mr. James Scott. These calculations were attended with great labour and trouble, and occupied more than ten years subsequent to the final close of the Experiments, at Greenland Dock. Colonel Beaufoy verified them for the fifth time shortly before his death.

"That a Society, with objects so important, and commenced under such favourable auspices,

<sup>†</sup> The arcs described varied from 15° to 27°.

should have sunk into decay for want of funds, is deeply to be regretted. In consequence of this event the Experiments were, for a considerable period, conducted and brought to a conclusion solely at the expense of Colonel Beaufoy.

"At length, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing a perfect copy of the whole of the Experiments, with appropriate drawings of the apparatus and solids employed, comprised in two folio volumes. To the First Volume of which he appended a notice, that 'this was the only complete copy of the Experiments in existence.' It is from this copy that the present publication is taken, without alteration or addition."

Whilst the experiments of the Society were thus in the hands of Col. Beaufoy, and undergoing through a long course of years that process of careful verification, and were made the subject of those elaborate calculations, without which he appears to have resolved not to give them to the world, a set of experiments was undertaken in Sweden, having for their object the solution of the same question. These Swedish experiments were conducted under the sanction and at the expense of the society of iron-masters at Stockholm, by Messrs. Lagerhjelm, Farrel, and Kaledenius, and were tried at Falb mine in the years 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815. Copies of the Swedish experiments were sent to Col. Beaufoy, and he made two ineffectual attempts to obtain, at his own expense, an English translation of them. In the meanwhile his scientific labours terminated. In the year 1827 this public-spirited man descended to the grave, where there is "no work, nor device, nor knowledge." The experiments and calculations to which he had dedicated, with a skill, industry, and perseverance, unparalleled in the history of science, more than thirty years of his life, were not, however, to be lost. His manuscripts were bequeathed to his eldest son, who determined to fulfil his father's wishes, by publishing the whole of them, together with the Swedish experiments, "for the benefit of those who might feel disposed to prosecute the investigation hereafter." In carrying this purpose into effect, he has spared neither labour nor money.†

"The Swedish language is rarely cultivated in England, and consequently it became extremely difficult to meet with a person who could combine the capabilities for translating a mathematical and abstruse work from Swedish into English, with a disposition to undergo the labour of arranging papers,—of superintending the press,—and of preparing, by way of preliminary, exact copies of the original manuscripts for the printer.

"After many fruitless inquiries, and when there appeared no chance of the work being published agreeable to the Colonel's intentions, a lucky incident occurred which removed every difficulty."

Difficulties vanish before the energy and perseverance of the Beaufoys. This lucky expedient was no other than the *engaging* of

† Some idea of the expense of the work and the *devotion* of the publisher, may be formed from the following passage in a note which has reference to some trifling errors which he had detected in the work. "At one time the publisher felt disposed to have cancelled the whole edition (1550 copies), and to have reprinted the work; but seeing that he had already paid more than five thousand pounds for what had been done (i. e. to the first volume), he thought it more advisable to adopt the plan of inserting the Table of Corrected Readings—a decision which, under all circumstances, he trusts will meet with the approbation of the reader."

a gentleman of *University education to learn the Swedish language*, and thus qualify himself for the duties of a translator. In the spring of 1832, when he had succeeded in translating the first volume, this gentleman was sent over to Stockholm to lay the translation before the learned author, Assessor Lagerhjelm—

... "who, being an excellent English scholar, could satisfy himself that the translator had rendered the Swedish into English according to the true spirit and meaning of the author.

"The Assessor was pleased to express himself in terms of warm commendation of his performance, and zealously afforded him every assistance towards the perfection of the undertaking. Not content with loading his English visitor with personal kindness and attention, he interested himself in bringing the object of the reverend gentleman's voyage to Stockholm before the Society of Iron Masters, who, doubtless at Assessor Lagerhjelm's suggestion, most liberally and considerately offered the use of the copper-plates belonging to the original Swedish work, in order to facilitate and diminish the expense of the publication. \* \* \*

"The work will consist of Three Volumes.

"The First volume will contain Colonel Beaufoy's Experiments upon the Resistance of Solids moving through Water, made at Greenland Dock, divided into the First and Second Series, containing the whole of Vols. I. and II. of the original MS.

"The Second Volume will contain the Translation of the First and Second Volumes of the Swedish Hydraulic Experiments, and also that of the 'Tentamen Theoria Resistentiae Fluidorum constituta.'

"The Third Volume will contain Colonel Beaufoy's Miscellaneous Papers, chiefly reprinted from Thomson's Annals of Philosophy. These Papers are numerous, and treat on Astronomy, Naval Architecture, Air, Magnetism, Meteorology, Tides, Trigonometry, Sound, and other scientific subjects.

"It is possible that these Miscellanies may require a Fourth Volume; but, be that as it may, the Second Volume will include the Translation of the First and Second Volumes of the Swedish Experiments upon Hydraulics, and will close with Assessor Lagerhjelm's 'Tentamen Theoria Resistentiae Fluidorum constituta.' If Providence permits, such is the course of publication intended to be pursued. The uncertainty of human life, and the vicissitudes of health and circumstances, may not suffer the fulfilment of the entire work. The object must be, therefore, to make each volume complete in itself.

"The united experiments made by the English and Swedish philosophers have not cost so little as 50,000*l.* sterling; and it would be a melancholy event should fire or accident deprive the world of a body of Experiments, which are believed to be unparalleled in extent and accuracy, by any that have been made heretofore upon this particular branch of hydrostatics.

"The number of copies (1500), multiplied as they now will be through the medium of the press, may possibly snatch the labours of these disinterested men from oblivion.

"The whole course of Colonel Beaufoy's life was devoted to the cultivation of science, and spent in the advancement of useful knowledge; yet, in no one instance, did he seek (much less derive) the smallest personal advantage from his scientific occupations. His aim was to be useful in his station,—his ambition was to contribute his mite to the aggregate of human improvement,—and, with the exception of the commencement of the Greenland Dock Experiments, the whole of his researches were conducted by himself, and at his sole expense.

"As Colonel Beaufoy's scientific labours were given to the public gratis, so, likewise, are these volumes intended for the honour of gratuitous distribution."

Some alteration has taken place in the order of the volumes. The translator engaged by Mr. Beaufoy has gone to Archangel, having become the chaplain of the Russian (British?) factory there; and he has thus been prevented from making a second journey to Stockholm, which Mr. Beaufoy considers necessary, to verify his translation of the second volume of the Swedish Experiments. This second volume is therefore reserved for the third volume of Mr. Beaufoy's work; and his second volume will contain the remainder of his father's experiments on nautical subjects, and the *first* volume only of the Swedish Experiments.

Of the experiments (many thousands in number), which are registered in this volume, only a slight notice can here be given. They were made at the Greenland Dock in the years 1793, 1794, 1796, 1797, 1798; and the object of them was to ascertain the actual amount of resistance opposed to the motion of bodies of different dimensions moving in a fluid; one set of experiments being made near the surface, and the other at a mean depth of six feet.

A body floating *at rest* sustains on all sides of it certain pressures, which may be resolved into horizontal and vertical: the vertical pressures are all neutralized by the weight of the body, and are together equal to that weight. The horizontal pressures neutralize one another: those on any portion of one side of the body being exactly balanced by others on a corresponding portion of the other side. If the body be put in motion in any direction (say horizontally), the equilibrium of both these sets of forces is destroyed—the horizontal pressure on that side *towards* which the body is moving is increased, and that on the side *from* which it is moving is diminished: the resistance is the difference of the head and stern pressures; and for both these causes it is *increased*. Also it appears by recent experiments, that not only is the equilibrium of the horizontal forces thus destroyed; but that although the disturbing force is applied wholly in a horizontal direction, the equilibrium of the *vertical* forces is destroyed by it, so that the sum of the vertical pressures is no longer equal to the weight, but is made to exceed it, and cause the floating body to rise out of the fluid. It is remarkable, that in the numerous and varied experiments of Colonel Beaufoy, made as well at the surface as below it, this fact, of which such advantage has since been taken in canal navigation, did not occur to him; we cannot help viewing this as a great misfortune; the opportunities he had of ascertaining, in

‡ It has been ascertained, that when floating bodies are put in motion, by means of a horizontal force, with more than a certain velocity, they *rise* out of the water so as materially to diminish the resisting surface, and, of course, the resistance. Advantage has been taken of this fact in canal navigation; and a barge, which will contain somewhere about 100 passengers, is now actually dragged along a part of the Forth and Clyde canal, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The Edinburgh and Glasgow passage boats *commonly* travel at the rate of nine miles an hour. Mr. Challis has, in the last number of the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions, endeavoured to account for the elevation of a sphere drawn horizontally through a fluid, by investigations derived from the general equations of fluid motion.

the course of his experiments, the nature and law of this vertical disturbance, and his admirable skill, perseverance, and accuracy as an experimenter, render it a real loss to science, that his attention should not have been directed to this point; and it is more particularly to be regretted, because the question is one affecting, in some degree, the valuable results contained in the volume before us, especially those made near the surface in the years 1793, 1794, 1795. Of the effects of this vertical disturbance several instances are mentioned. We are told, that where the heads were obtuse, and the velocities considerable, the water would not unfrequently rise so as to flow over the top of the body; and that, in some cases, "the water thus collecting on its fore part, the body would dive down to the bottom of the dock, then overset, and tumble out the ballast." Another example of this disturbance in the *vertical equilibrium* is presented in some experiments made with two bodies, having the forms represented in the accompanying figures.



In both, the solid content is the same, and the angle which the surface opposes to the fluid is the same; but, in the one case, it divides the fluid laterally; in the other, the body, in order to move, must displace it vertically: the resistance in these cases is essentially different,† as may be seen by comparing the experiments in pages 139 and 155. The experiments made in 1796, 1797, 1798, were principally at a considerable depth beneath the surface, and here (except in respect to the conductor) the same source of error could not exist; these experiments constitute, by far, the most valuable part of the work. It is impossible, within our limits, to give any thing like an accurate notion of the important practical results deducible from these experiments. The following are, nevertheless, some of them:—When a floating body passes from a state of rest to a state of horizontal motion, there results evidently, as we have before stated, an *increase* of the pressure upon its head, and a *diminution* of that on the stern. The *sum* of increase, and this diminution, constitute the whole resistances. Now, in the work before us, there is detailed a very ingenious method by which these two pressures have been (we believe for the first time) separated, and their amount separately measured. The bodies experimented upon were each composed of three pieces, a head-piece, a body, and a tail-piece, capable of being separately attached to one another, or varied in any way, so that, to the same head-piece and body might be attached a different tail-piece, &c. Attaching in this manner to the same head-piece and body triangular tail-pieces of different lengths, it was found, that the whole resistance diminished as the length of the tail-piece increased, until it exceeded a certain length, or the angle, which terminated it, was less

than a certain angle, then (the effect of friction being deducted) any farther increase of length or acuteness of the tail-piece produced no alteration in the resistance. Now, since, before this limit was attained, an increase in the length of the tail-piece—the head, &c. remaining the same—diminished\* the resistance, it was concluded, that the stern pressure upon the body was less diminished by its motion, as its tail-piece was longer; and since, beyond a certain limit, this effect ceased, it was concluded, that *there* this diminution of the stern pressure by the motion did not take place at all, and that the stern pressure was the same as though the body were at rest. Thus, a body with such a stern end as this would have no resistance offered to it, but that upon its head; and, the head resistance being thus ascertained, if this head-piece be combined with any other stern, and, from the whole observed resistance, that ascertained to be due to the head be subtracted, the remainder will be the stern resistance. Thus, the amounts of the two resistances may, in any case, be correctly ascertained, and the result admits of easy verification by joining a head and stern, whose respective resistances have been determined *independently*. Verifications of this kind established the truth of the method; and, for every experiment, we have the head and stern pressures given us in the tables *separately*.

It was found that the head resistance varied according to a law which was somewhat less than that of the square of the distance, deviating more as the velocity was greater, also, that the stern pressure follows nearly the same law—a fact which remarkably verifies the theorem so recently introduced into the theory of fluid motion by Professor Moseley, and first, we believe, demonstrated by him as a *general principle* † of Hydrodynamics. Among the most remarkable results of these experiments, and one of great practical importance, is this—it is proved incontestably that the resistance upon a body is diminished, *cæteris paribus*, by increasing its length. Thus, if a sphere be cut into hemispheres, and then separated by a cylinder, the solid thus formed will move through a fluid with greatly less resistance than the sphere itself would. It required, for instance, a weight of 62.85 pounds to move a sphere at the rate of 13.527 feet per second through the water, and only 49.71 to move, with the same velocity, a body compounded of its two hemispheres and an intervening cylinder. It may be presumed, that in both these cases the head resistance was the same, and that the cylinder produced its effect by diminishing the stern resistance—and probably, by allowing time for the first deflexion of the fluid at the head to be overcome, and thus facilitating the influx into the space which the moving body, as it advances, continually leaves behind it. On the same principle, a cube was found to move with less resistance than a square plane, having the same area with one of its sides, and a cylinder with less resistance than a circular area of the same dimensions with one of its sections.

Some of the experiments we have before stated to have been made at the surface, and others at different depths beneath it. Now,

in reference to these, it was observed, that, deducting the effects of friction, there was, in all cases, more resistance to a body moving at the surface than to the same body immersed. This remarkable fact is probably to be assigned to the same cause—the greater facility of influx behind—the moving the fluid now pouring into the space left by the body as it advances from above as well as from below and sideways, and its influx being accelerated by the superincumbent weight.

To ascertain the effect of curved lines on the resistance, two bodies were formed precisely of the same dimensions and form, except that the head of one was triangular and the other elliptical, the extremities of both being at the same distances from the thickest part; the body with the elliptical head was found to move with greatly less resistance than the other.

Friction on the same body was found to vary according to a law somewhat less than that of the square of the velocity; in different bodies it was found to depend very greatly upon the *nature* of the surfaces used—a fact to which sufficient attention does not appear to be paid: even the slime which collects in a very short time on the surface of a body floating at rest, is sufficient to produce a very sensible alteration in this respect; and for the amount of friction on perfectly smooth surfaces, by no means a sufficient allowance appears to be commonly made. These experiments clearly show it to be quite possible that ships built in every other respect alike, may differ very greatly in their rates of sailing, by reason only of a slight difference in the smoothness of their bottoms.

In concluding the lengthened notice which we have thought due to this important work—we have only to express our obligations to the publisher for the munificent gift he has laid on the altar of science. By the time his work is completed, it will, it is reported, have cost, together with the experiments it records, a sum of 60,000*l.*, the value of thirty years of assiduous labour not being counted in this estimate. There is a munificence and devotion about this gift which have, we believe, no parallel in the history of science. Experiments and calculations equally laborious and expensive may have been made elsewhere, but they have been made by societies of men, and at the national expense. We believe it to be characteristic of the wealth, the genius, and the enterprise of the British nation, that so noble, so national a work has here sprung from the patriotism, the scientific ardour, and the private resources of an individual.

*Egypt and Palestine.*—[Correspondance d'Orient. Par M. Michaud et M. Poujoulat. Tome V.]

[Second Notice.]

Few travellers have visited Jerusalem with such a spirit of chastened enthusiasm as M. Poujoulat: a zealous catholic, he speaks of opposing creeds with tenderness and respect—a royalist, he finds excuses for the violence of the party opposed to his views—an antiquarian, yet he never allows the past to withdraw his attention from the present, but seems to have thought, that Palestine described as *it is*, would best enable his readers to understand Palestine as *it was*. His feelings were interested in the task he had un-

\* Query—Is not the observation in page xlvi of the Preface, Chapter III., at variance with the experiments above cited?

† We see here a reason for the elongated forms of fishes.

† Mr. Challis's Paper in Report of Brit. Ass. of Science, 1834.

taken: Jerusalem was to him, "his country, the city of his soul;" he seems to have been imbued with the spirit which dictated that sublime elegy, in which Jeremiah depicts the Holy City, as a widow sitting in the midst of desolation—"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! she that was great among the nations, and princess of the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and the tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies." What a commentary on the prophet's bold personification, is M. Poujoulat's graphic description of the solitary city!—

Jerusalem offers no illusions; it is fair to be held neither from far nor near: take away a few monuments and a few towers, and the prospect before you is the dullest that can be imagined. This vast heap of stone houses, each of whose terraced roofs is surmounted with a small dome—the dark grey colour of these monotonous groups—their mournful character—the rock and desert soil surrounding these walls, which seem only to inclose tombs—the solitary sky above your head, whose wide expanse no bird traverses,—combine to form a spectacle uniting in itself all that melancholy can produce of the most sad, all that solitude can exhibit of the most desolate. If we enter into Jerusalem, what gloom! Narrow and dark streets; huge bazaars in ruins, in which you see a sprinkling of Jewish, Greek, and Armenian merchants; miserable shops for the sale of tobacco, kept by mussulmans; dilapidated inns, where the Arabian stranger reposes beside his steed; whole districts deserted, houses in ruins, the ground covered with weeds, filth and rubbish; ivy twining round disjointed fragments, and stunted palm-trees growing up through crevices: on traversing the city, you see the white or red cloak of the mussulman, the dark vest of the rayah, or the veils of women who move with the hurried step of fugitives. Such is the interior of Jerusalem. There is no joy, no movement, no noise; you would take it for a vast prison, where the days are as silent as the nights, or rather for an immense monastery, whose inhabitants are constantly engaged in prayer.

In the words of Heber—

Still o'er her skies the clouds of sorrow roll,  
And God's revenge sits heavy on her soul.

The most desolate portion of this desolate city, is the quarter assigned for the residence of its ancient lords:—

The different quarters of Jerusalem resemble so many cities in one inclosure, separated from each other by their several creeds, habits, and customs. The children of Israel, who have received the worst portion in all the cities of the East, are not better treated in the city of Solomon. Round the *Harid-al-Yid* (Jewish Quarter,) extends a long desolate space, which might be termed the common sewer of Jerusalem; in the midst of stunted hedges are heaped up the carcasses and bones of horses, asses, and dogs, mixed with broken pottery; pestilential exhalations constantly rise from this heap of impurities. The stranger who passes by this field of destruction, asks himself—what crime can a people have committed to merit such a habitation? It must be added, that this is also the residence assigned to the lepers: I have often seen them seated in the shade on ragged mats, or the naked ground, before the huge stone hut which serves them for an asylum; no charity assuages their sufferings; scanty nourishment is supplied to prevent their dying before their time; they are abandoned to the disease by which they are consumed, and every body flies from them . . . .

The Jews of the Holy City are always the first struck, when the rulers levy arbitrary contributions; oppressions fall upon them with a character of despotism quite peculiar, for this wretched people has on earth no king, no prince, no power whose protection it can invoke; the Jews of Jerusalem are given up without help or hope to all the caprices of despotism.

Notwithstanding all the calamities to which they are exposed, the great object of every Jew's ambition is to spend the close of his days in Jerusalem, that his bones may rest in his fathers' land. When our traveller was at Jaffa, he met some of these pilgrims:—

During my sojourn at Jaffa, a Sardinian vessel arrived, having on board twenty Jewesses from Smyrna, the youngest of whom was past eighty-two; one of them bore lightly the weight of one hundred and twenty-years; several counted a century of existence. These venerable relics of Israel were going to purchase at a high price, a place in the valley of Jehosaphat. I saw also several Israelites arrive from Algiers, protected with French passports; they placed themselves under the guardianship of our consul, until they could find an opportunity of going to Jerusalem.

Our attention must next be directed to the present lords of the Holy City:—

The Mussulmans of Jerusalem form a distinct branch in the great family of Islamism; the government of the Pacha has always treated them with great caution and forbearance, and made concessions to them as to the tribes of the desert. It may be said, that the disciples of the Koran are fanatic in proportion to the sanctity of the place they inhabit; they display more intolerance at Jerusalem, at Damascus, at Mecca, and at Medina, than in any other quarter of the empire. The conquest of Algiers, which so forcibly impressed all the nations of the East, produced a very powerful effect in Jerusalem; the mussulmans now display less bitterness and violence in their relations with Christians than formerly, and if they insult or curse the *giours* (infidels), it is in a whisper or in secret. Nevertheless a Catholic, a Greek, or an Armenian, should be cautious how he ventures alone into the *Harat-al-Moslemin*, (quarter of true believers); it is to Christians a foreign country, that cannot be traversed without peril—a dark and hostile city, abounding in snares and secret vengeance. There reigns in this quarter a solitary silence; the figures that one meets, are like wandering shadows.

Our author gives a very minute account of the Christian population, but the general results may be briefly stated. The influence of the Latins is on the decline; money comes slowly from Europe, and the monarchs of the West no longer take an interest in the prosperity of their monasteries; the Greeks are more numerous than the Latins, are the principal merchants and manufacturers in the city, and of late years they have begun to cultivate literature; the jealousy, or rather the mutual hatred between the Greeks and Latins, has not in the least abated: the Armenians are rapidly rising in wealth, and consequently in power; indeed, our author seems inclined to believe, that they will at no distant period be the masters of the Turkish empire. They are like the Osmanlis, remarkable for their imperturbability; nothing can divert them from the pursuit of their object, and their cautious perseverance generally ensures success. The last division of the citizens, the Catholic Arabs, has not been noticed by any recent traveller, and the account given of them merits attention:—

The number of the Arabian catholics is about eight hundred. The monastery of St. Saviour

pays the *haratch* (capitation-tax) for them; it is their country, their citadel, their only fortune, their only property. But for the convent, these Catholics would not be able to purchase the air they breathe, or the bread and water that support their existence; they must either desert the city of Jesus, or become apostates, to escape perishing by hunger. As the destinies of the convent are connected with the destinies of Europe, these Catholics take a deep interest in the events that occur in our countries. They know that all the advantages conferred on Jerusalem, are the result of ancient opinions. By a very simple and very natural consequence, they have little love for the new ideas, which threaten to change the political aspect of the western world. "We," they say, "the *proteges* of the old Christian monarchies, shall we profit by your revolutions?" . . . . They fear that the Holy Land will soon cease to receive assistance from the West. The news of the conquest of Algiers, brought some hope of freedom to these poor people, who cannot patiently resign themselves to the Moslem yoke; but this illusion of ignorant monks was only of short duration. Nevertheless there still lurks in the heart of these men, a secret hope of liberation by the swords of the Franks. The great bulk of the Arabian Catholics expect a Godfrey, just as the Jews expect a Messiah.

After quitting Jerusalem, M. Poujoulat visited the most interesting parts of Palestine, directing his attention principally to those places which are remarkable in the history of the Crusades. His enthusiasm for the glory of the Templars, the Hospitallers, and the flower of Europe's chivalry, that sought barren laurels under a Syrian sun, and found nameless graves, is sometimes carried to excess, and is not wholly free from injustice. He unhesitatingly identifies the Franks and the French, and thus monopolizes for his countrymen all the honour that belonged to Christendom in general. We will not, however, enter into any controversy about these idle glories; the Crusades are associated in our minds with anything rather than feelings of pride: referring, therefore, those who feel an interest in such matters to the volume itself, we shall direct our attention to the portions which illustrate the present state of society in Palestine.

At Jaffa, besides the quarrels of the consuls to support their own dignity, and degrade the character of the nations which they misrepresent, our author witnessed a curious custom, which shows how early superstition begins to instil bigotry into the minds of youth:—

Every evening during Lent, the young children of Greek families go to the door of the Christian houses, and with a monotonous chant, which might be taken for lamentation, demand wood, or money to buy wood. "Give, give," they say, "and next year your children will be married, and their days will be prosperous, and you will live long to witness their happiness." The wood that these children ask, is designed to burn the Jews. It is on the evening of Holy Thursday that the young Greeks kindle their fires, and every little troop has its own pile. They dress a straw figure in the Jewish costume, and the victim in effigy is then brought to the place of execution, amid shouts and hisses. The children deliberate gravely on the kind of punishment, to which the Israelite should be condemned: some say, "Crucify him, he has crucified Jesus;" others "Cut off his beard and his hands, and then behead him;" others, "Cut him down—tear him to pieces, for he has slain our God." The chief of the troop then interposes: "What need is there," he says, "to have recourse to all these punishments? Is there

not a fire kindled? Burn the Jew." The imaginary Jew is then cast into the flames, and the children exclaim, "O Fire, fire, spare him not; devour him; he has buffeted Jesus Christ, he has nailed his hands and his feet;" and the children thus enumerate all the sufferings which the Jews made our Saviour endure. When the victim is consumed, they throw the ashes to the winds with bitter execrations, and each returns homesatisfied that he has taken vengeance on the murderer of Christ. Have not such customs their character imprinted on them?—and do they not give rise to very serious reflections?

At Ibna, our traveller was hospitably received by the Bedouins, and succeeded in gaining the affections of that simple people. Here he heard an anecdote of Napoleon, which relieves the horrors found in the ordinary narratives of his Syrian campaign:—

In his march from Gaza to Jaffa, Buonaparte having halted at Ibna, ordered the sheikh of the village to furnish him with a hundred oxen, a hundred loads of corn, and a hundred measures of flour. The Bedouin, forced to obey, humbly gave what the French general demanded. The knife was already at the throat of several of the oxen, when the sheikh, bursting into tears at the sight of his cattle ready to perish, said to Buonaparte, "O Sultan, do you see what your soldiers are about to do?" Touched by his tears and his simplicity, Napoleon restored him his oxen, his corn, and his flour, and contented himself with receiving his hospitality.

When our author reached Acre, he found the governor preparing to resist the expected invasion of Mohammed Ali; the disputes between the Pacha and the Sultan had not yet burst forth into open war, but their mutual ill-will was notorious. A curious anecdote, which we know to have been current at Constantinople, though it has not hitherto appeared in print, was related to our author; he says, with justice, that it looks like "a page of romance slipped into a volume of serious history."

Some years ago, Mahmoud, already disquieted by the growing greatness of his vizier of the Pyramids, determined to get rid of him by the following stratagem. Summoning to his presence a young and innocent Georgian from his harem, he thus addressed her: "My beautiful slave, you will be very happy when I tell you, that I have chosen you as the companion of my glorious Pacha of Egypt, the first man on earth, next to me; I am about to give you a ring, a marvellous talisman, by whose aid you may become the absolute sovereign of his heart. If in any of his tender interviews with you, he should ask to drink, secretly slip this ring into his cup, and when he shall have drunk, you will see him at your feet like a captive child, so powerful is the talisman I am bestowing upon you." This ring, which the young Georgian received with transport from the hands of the Sultan, had a small stone or composition, which, when dissolved in water, produced a most active poison. The girl knew nothing of this, and pleased her fancy with the brilliant prospects proposed to her by the Sultan. She soon departed for Egypt, escorted by a numerous suite; she was not however, received by Mohammed Ali; he, who had then as now, spied at Constantinople, in the very palace of the Sultan, received warning in time. He presented the beautiful Georgian to one of his principal officers; the young slave wished to employ the talisman, to secure her power over her new master; the poor officer swallowed the poison, and dropped dead as if struck by a thunderbolt. The ignorant girl, astonished at the event, began to bewail her fate, and related simply what she had done and from whom she had received the fatal talisman. All

was then explained without difficulty, and when the news came to Mohammed Ali, he returned thanks to Providence, for averting from him the mortal draught.

M. Poujoulat states, that the aspect of the country round Nazareth is scarcely less melancholy than the environs of Jerusalem; but the soil of Galilee he describes generally as fertile and well cultivated. At Naplous, or Neapolis, the ancient Sichem, he found a remnant of the Samaritans, who do not submit to oppression so patiently as their old rivals the Jews. They frequently took up arms against the Turkish pachas, and, protected by the rugged mountains of Galilee, generally succeeded in extorting favourable conditions of peace:—

In religion, as in politics, the Samaritans of Naplous are intractable; fanaticism always reigns fiercely in Samaria, and its inhabitants are as intolerant as when they refused Jesus Christ admission into one of their villages, because they saw that he was travelling in the direction of Jerusalem. There are no Jewish or Christian strangers admitted into this district; their presence would not be endured. With the exception of the Naplousians, the number of the Samaritans is limited to three hundred families, distributed in different villages. Although their temple (on mount Gérim,) has been destroyed for two thousand years, they fail not, at the present day, to go up every year, as their ancestors did, and offer sacrifice on its ruins. They wrote from their synagogues at Naplous, to Scaliger, in the sixteenth century, and to Baron de Sacy in the nineteenth. It is singular, that literature should thus form a bond of union between the patriarch of Orientalists and a Syrian horde.

Of course M. Poujoulat could not visit Syria, without hearing countless anecdotes of Lady Hester Stanhope: her caprices and her eccentricities occupy a large portion of his letters, but as her proceedings have been described by many travellers, we shall pass her by, and turn to the equally strange character of her new coadjutor, who has not been yet introduced to the British public:—

In the khan of Seyd, (the ancient Sidon,) I met M. Loustanneau, one of our countrymen, who, after having acted a conspicuous part in the army of the last of the Mongolian princes, returned rich to France, and purchased several iron foundries in the Pyrenees; his establishments having been broken up at the end of Buonaparte's wars, he came into this country to seek fortune anew. M. Loustanneau has been in Syria about twenty years; having been reduced to poverty, he has turned prophet and philosopher; he occupies a chamber in the French khan at Seyd, and subsists on a pension allowed him by Lady Stanhope. Our countryman passes his time in studying in the Bible the future destiny of the world. He adapts the words of the sacred writers to his reveries, and I should never have done, were I to tell you all that he discovers in the Scriptures. One of his favourite speculations, that which predominates over all the rest, is, his belief in the approaching re-establishment of the kingdom of Jerusalem: M. Loustanneau believes, that he is destined himself to be the heir of Godfrey and Baldwin; and in his prophetic dreams, he associates Lady Stanhope with his brilliant prospects: the noble English lady is to be queen of Jerusalem. M. Loustanneau regards all the revolutions that occur in the world, as additional confirmations of his ideas; "the hour is fast approaching," he says, "when the star of Zion shall again rise glorious in the heaven, when on the ruins of those thrones, that are now everywhere falling, a new kingdom shall be established

at Jerusalem."—Forget not, that insanity is sacred in the East, and respect the harmless illusions of an unfortunate exile.

Our extracts have been taken from a single volume of this interesting correspondence; the others contain matter scarcely less valuable. We have been informed that a translation of select portions of this correspondence is in a state of forward preparation; if it be executed with tolerable discrimination and fidelity, there can be no doubt of its meeting a favourable reception.

*The Village Churchyard, and other Poems.*  
By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. London: Longman & Co.

THERE can be no doubt that this volume is the production of one gifted with an enthusiastic mind and poetical feeling—not a few high-toned thoughts may be found in its pages—but their presence has only perplexed us. Had these poems been better or worse, our task would have been comparatively easy—we might have praised them without an *if* or *but*, or gently consigned them to the stream of oblivion, to flow down upon its waters to the limbo of waste paper. But it is a far more delicate matter to become the advisers of a graceful and accomplished lady—and, while we recognize her gifts, to whisper in her ear, with the hard-heartedness of ancient critics, that they stand in need of being polished and perfected.

It is, indeed, vexatious to think of the immense amount of gold beaten out into gossamer leaves, which a breath of air tears to pieces—instead of being refined and melted into one small sterling ingot,—of talent in its natural and crude state, diluted over many undertakings, none of which can hope for more than an ephemeral existence, instead of being wrought out and concentrated in one strong effort, which should leave a mark upon the year which saw its introduction to the world. Enough care is not taken—especially by those who, from rank or circumstances, may be styled *amateur authors*—to do justice to their own endowments. Some, in a wish to be metaphysical and subtle, lose themselves in a labyrinth of perplexed language—others, by way of being lively, fall into trifling puerility—and a few, of richer imagination, from a want of the guiding influence of good taste, which, alas! comes not by inspiration, clothe their thoughts in language too pompous, and epithets bordering on the fantastic.

We would, in all kindness, ask the lady whose work is before us, whether the last of these cases is not, in some degree, hers—whether her wreath of natural flowers is not mixed with artificial and scentless blossoms. It is, indeed, so much easier to be high-sounding than simple, that one possessed with great facility of language, such as Lady Stuart Wortley, is in no small danger of being led astray by it. But that she can write well, the lines we shall now extract will sufficiently prove. She is apostrophizing Death.

But now, the signs and tokens of thy sway  
Are ever round us; so we may not stray  
O'er the green, lachrymous bosom of our earth,  
Without thy mournful hints to mar our mirth:  
Still the discoloured flower, the withering leaf,  
The failing number, the red sunset brief—  
The exhausted fountain, and the vanishing cloud—  
Remind us of the charnel-house and shroud.  
And let it be so!—yes, so be it still;  
Since lordly man must die, let thy cords thrill,

Oh, Nature ! with a sympathetic swell—  
Yes ! strange and wondrous as it is, 'tis well.  
Painful 'would be, to mark the unfading flower,  
Free from the sway of Nature's changeful hour,  
Amidst the haunts whence Love's reluctant heart  
Hats, aching, known its precious things depart ;—  
Painful, to mark the immortal rose take root  
From the dull burial-sod, where, cold and mute,  
The friends—the sweet friends of our youth, perchance,  
Are laid, in dreamless sleep, in hopeless trance ;—  
Bitter, to see the rainbow's tint endure,  
When gentle hues, more delicately pure—  
Hues of young hope, of love and calm delight—  
Fade, after, vanish from our longing sight—  
When the warm flush on Beauty's brow dies fast,  
As though too lovely, and too loved, to last—  
The spirituality, soft and tender streaks—  
Grown dim on Youth's smooth, fluorescent cheek :—  
Mournful, to view the fabric of a cloud  
Stand strong,—while bow the stately and the proud  
To the Destroyer,—and the exhaustless spring  
Its rainbow'd spray fantastically flings  
In joy around ;—scattering everywhere  
Freshness and Promise :—yes ! save only there,  
Where our Life's promise withered, faded, shrunk,  
Like some sweet star, mists vapoury cloud-wreaths  
sunk ;  
Where our Soul's living freshness, parched, destroyed,  
Left the earth a desert, and this life a void !

We wish that the entire volume had been written in this quieter style, and shall be sincerely pleased to discover, on some future occasion, that our advice has been listened to, and its spirit understood.

*Essay on the Study of Man, considered in relation to Animal and Intellectual Life.*  
—[*Essai sur l'Etude de l'Homme, &c.*]  
By Dr. Dufour. Paris: Pesron ; London, Dulau & Co.

We have derived great pleasure from the perusal of this very able attempt to unite metaphysical with physiological inquiries. Mental philosophy has been brought into disrepute, because too many of its followers have adopted exclusive theories. The spiritualists, with Berkeley at their head, declare that there is no reality, no certainty, save in consciousness or acts of intelligence ; and many go to the extreme length of denying the existence of the external world. The child that tumbles over a stone is ever after prepared to refute their theory. The materialists on the other hand, issuing from the anatomical schools, their minds filled with the wondrous structure of the human frame, explain everything by organization ; and tell us that thought is as much a function of the brain as digestion of the intestines, and in the words of M. Destutt Tracy, that "the association of ideas is only a chemical or mechanical connexion between organic movements." The child that has suppressed its tears from pride, is prepared to dispute their arguments. Avoiding both extremes, M. Dufour has undertaken the examination of man's organic and intellectual life, determining by a copious induction from facts, the phenomena which belong to each, and then investigating the nature both of their dissimilarity and connexion. His proofs of the distinction between intellectual and animal life are original and curious ; he dwells principally on the command which men can assume over the most imperious desires and urgent necessities, and gives some curious examples in proof :—

When in the army, I saw a young fellow of puny constitution, who, in spite of frequent punishment, persevered in feigning fits of epilepsy : to overcome his obstinacy, it was resolved during one of these attacks, to drop burning sealing-wax on his skin ; the wretch supported this torture, which lasted several minutes, without exhibiting the least sign of sensibility, yet, overcome by the threat of some still more cruel punishment, he con-

fessed his fraud. Another soldier in the fifteenth regiment of horse, acted the part of a deaf man so well, that no trial could lead him to betray himself. His Colonel hoping to surprise him, concealed himself one day in a stable, where this man with some of his comrades were employed in storing hay ; at a moment when no such event was expected, the Colonel fired two pistol shots, but seeing that the soldier had not made the slightest movement, he resolved on granting him his discharge. In the following year, the Colonel recognized this man at Fontainebleau, where, to his great surprise, he appeared in perfect possession of his hearing. The Colonel expressed his astonishment, when the discharged soldier begged pardon of his old officer for having so well deceived him. We had (in France) recently a young man, who, in order to pass as the lawful heir to a large fortune, acted the part of one deaf and dumb. Always preserving a look of simplicity, ever on his guard against stratagem, he baffled all the plots laid for his betrayal. He seemed, indeed, by the mere force of volition to have suspended the sensibility of his auditory nerves ; for even when surprised during his sleep, and when firearms were discharged close to his ear, he remained as impassive as a rock. His success would have been complete, had he not been betrayed by other circumstances. It is evident that in these cases the acts of the will are absolutely distinct from the phenomena of physical life, and that it would be, to say the least of it, ridiculous, to refer them to the same principle.

A second proof, on which M. Dufour insists very strongly, is, that in many cases of mortal disease, such as aneurism of the aorta, the mental power is frequently as energetic as in perfect health :—

I witnessed the death of an old man, who a few minutes before convinced all present, by the precision, force, and justice of his reasonings, that, if the visible and appreciable expression of thought cannot take place without the action of certain organs, the principle that creates thought cannot be the same as that which maintains those organs in their integrity.

The author next shows that simple perception belongs to animal rather than intellectual life, and consequently, that sensations are, properly speaking, physical phenomena. To the neglect of this principle, he attributes all the errors of the spiritualists, while the materialists have gone astray from investing it with exclusive importance. His theory of the origin of ideas appears simple and natural ; and the proofs by which it is supported are strong and ingenious. The test of every theory is, that it accounts for all the phenomena ; by this test, M. Dufour tries his hypothesis ; he shows that it will explain what we may call the mechanism of memory—the oblivion of recent, and recollection of distant events, so frequently found in old age, the phenomena of dreams and somnambulism, and the apparent inconsistencies of lunacy. He strenuously condemns those who make *monomania*, and especially homicidal monomania, an excuse for crime, asserting that the depraved desire of revenge for real or fancied injuries, is the very essence of guilt ; and that the wretch who nurtures it until it becomes a dominant idea, completely mastering the mind, is one whom it would be wickedness to pity.

From these subjects our author turns to investigate the importance of the facial angle, discovered by Camper, and its value as a probable indication of relative intelligence ; this part of his subject, of course, brings him into collision with the phrenologists, whose

theories he handles very roughly. He then cautiously endeavours to trace the causes of the diversity of mental power in individuals, examining the probable effects of temperament, age, sex, education, climate, and disease. His observations on education, and especially on the education of females, deserve the attention of parents, because they are founded on physiology, and detail the injuries to which the tender frame is subjected by injudicious practices,—injuries not deduced from theory, but actually witnessed in a long course of medical practice.

Finally, the author investigates the passions in their relation to animal and intellectual life, and hence he deduces the true meaning of what is called "moral character." This is followed by an examination of the application of medicine and regimen to the cure of moral diseases, in which we find much ingenious reasoning, and some very striking facts.

We shall not offer any opinion on the validity of M. Dufour's system, but we bear willing testimony to the ability with which it is developed and supported, and we recommend the work to all who love the study of mental and moral philosophy.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*'Penruddock.'*—This is one of that class of novels, whose merit lies in the ingenious structure of the plot, rather than in delineation of character or dramatic power. The plot is well-contrived, and considerable skill is displayed in its development ; the character of the ascetic Penruddock, is well contrasted with the youthful vivacity of the daughter, who shares his seclusion ; and the mingled feelings of both, when suddenly brought into contact with a party of fashionable young men, who are represented as enacting the forest of Arden, in the forest of Hampshire, are vividly and naturally portrayed. The second and third volumes are disfigured by occasional slips of style, which might have been avoided by a little more care and attention.

*'Hyacinthe, or the Contrast.'*—A mimikin romance, pleasantly told. A child of great beauty is rescued from gypsies by some excellent country people, who adopt her, and love her as she deserves to be loved. In the progress of time, however, Hyacinthe is discovered to be an Earl's daughter, and taken away from her affectionate foster parents to make acquaintance with the crooked ways of high life, and a new mother, who is a heartless beauty. Hyacinthe, however, has been too well nurtured at Farmer Wilmet's, and by the excellent Mr. Neville, a clergyman, (a gentleman who is found in every small book of fiction,) to be vitiated by the new scenes to which she is introduced. She becomes a blessing to all around her, and is rightly held up as a pattern to all young ladies—who may have been similarly stolen away.

*'The Georgian Era. Memoirs of the most eminent Persons, who have flourished in Great Britain, from the Accession of George I. to, the Demise of George IV. Vols. III. & IV.'*—As a book of reference for names and dates, these closely printed volumes may be acceptable and useful. As a collection of Memoirs, "they are naught." Four—nay, fourteen volumes would not suffice to contain the lives of the great and gifted, who have appeared among us, in the remarkable period which this work comprises. The memoirs here given, are merely compilation from trite and familiar sources—a galaxy of constellations dotted down with pin points on a one-inch globe. Volume the third of the 'Georgian Era' includes "Voyagers and Travellers, Philosophers,

Men of Science, and Authors."—Volume the fourth, "Political and Rural Economists; Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers; Composers; Vocal, Instrumental, and Dramatic Performers." A collected body of lives (not notices,) of those renowned among us in art and science, during the last hundred years, has yet to be offered to the public.

*'Colburn's Modern Novelists.'* Vol. I. *'Pelham.'*—We notice a new and very neat edition of this deservedly popular novel, for the sake of the pleasant and encouraging preface attached to it, by its accomplished author. Independently of its being agreeable to hear of the origin and early history of so well-established a favourite with the public, as 'Pelham,' Mr. Bulwer's Introduction may furnish food for thought to the many, who rush into the lists of literature half accoutred, and think, by a boastful flourish of the few arms they have put on, and scarcely learned to wield, that they shall take possession of Fame's strongholds. Want of preparation is the sin of our young authors—a want of self-distrust, and respect for the general reader; and though few among them must hope to rise as high as Mr. Bulwer, all will do well to take his preface home to themselves, if they would stand firm upon the elevation which their natural gifts might enable them to reach. Authorship is a profession; too many degrade it into an impertinence.

*'Illustrations of Social Depravity.'* Vols. II. & III.—Parts of a series of cheap tracts now publishing in Glasgow, in which zeal rather than knowledge is conspicuous, and wherein particular opinions are advocated so boldly and broadly, that whoever shall dissent from the dogmas laid down in the first page, is not likely to be beguiled into reading the second. This may be very honest, but it is somewhat absurd; the tracts, we presume, are not written to confirm those already convinced; besides, it is a want of respect to the public generally to advance doctrines, on which reasonable men may be presumed to differ, with the same confidence as if they were universally admitted truths. Though written by different persons, these tracts are all open to the same objection. The third volume is wholly occupied with a tale called 'The Freemasons,' which after the same fashion is asserted to be a narrative "of pure, unmixed, and unadulterated facts," which the writer has the means of proving, and will prove if any one thinks it needful to demand them!" Now, this pure, unmixed, unadulterated narrative of facts, as Mr. Reid calls it, is but a new version—we judge from the size of the volume, for it appears to us merely a reprint with omissions—of Mr. Stone's work on Freemasonry, and the reputed murder of Morgan for betraying the secrets of the Society; a work reviewed eighteen months since in the *Athenæum*; and if Mr. Reid had read but the twentieth part of the pamphlets published on this subject in the United States, he could not but have known that it was at least doubtful whether Morgan was murdered at all, and that one-half of the Americans disbelieve it.

*'Selections from the American Poets, with some Introductory Remarks.'*—While our own poets are silent, we are listening to the echoes of minstrelsy from the other side of the Atlantic, and paying more attention than usual to the stores of song, which "the new country" has already amassed. As we are at present devoting a considerable portion of our columns to the subject of American literature, an examination of this selection would be a work of supererogation. It would, however, be unjust to Mr. Wakenman, or his editor, not to state, that they have gathered together some charming verses in a neat form—and that this volume deserves to find a corner on the shelves of all, who have not ceased to delight in the "sweet language of Poesie."

*'Gall's Literature for the Blind.'*—Mr. Gall devoted many years to the construction of types, that might easily be read by the blind, and which at the same time, should differ so slightly from the ordinary characters, that any person may in a few minutes, qualify himself to instruct these unfortunate students. The characters are raised on the paper, and are of course read by the touch; they are the ordinary Roman letters rendered more angular, and we have received documents, that decisively establish the success of the experiment. Mr. Gall has also discovered the means of teaching the blind to write as well as read; his ingenious plan has been for some time practised, in the Academy for the Blind at Edinburgh, and has been found practicable. He indulges in some speculations, respecting the theological discoveries likely to be made by the blind, when a Bible is printed for their use, which seem to us (barring the pun,) utterly visionary. We regret that such wild theories, should sully a work so interesting to the philosopher and the philanthropist.

*'Methods of Harmony, Figured Base, and Composition, adapted for Self-instruction.'* by John George Albrechtsberger, &c. Translated from the last German edition, as augmented and arranged, by his Pupil, the Chevalier von Seyfried. With the remarks of M. Choron, translated from the last Paris edition, by Alfred Merriek.—To enter into an examination of the body of science, both in precept and example, which these two volumes contain, would be utterly useless and unprofitable to the general reader—while the name of Albrechtsberger, as the first theorist of his day, is too well and reverentially known in the musical world, to render our comments necessary for the benefit of those who take pleasure in the "concord of sweet sounds." The work is presented to the public in a sufficiently portable form, and the numerous examples contained in the second volume, are clearly printed. No musical library which does not possess the work in its original form, can be complete without this translation.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

WITHIN the last few months, Fate has swept away three remarkable men. Coleridge, Irving, and Charles Lamb are, one after another, dead. A short time since, and we might have encountered them in our morning walks,—heard them laugh, talk, jest, complain, and so forth. Now they are with "The Past!" It is a fearful thing to think, that although neither old age nor pain had shaken them, (each of these being a preparation for the grave,) yet that Death hath suddenly taken them utterly away—hath, in an instant, changed "he is" into "he was"—and dissolved the strong, sensible, corporeal man, into the vapour of—a name!"

Coleridge, and Irving, and Lamb, are now dead. I knew something of them all. A little of the first. Of the second, in his green and "pamby days," I saw a good deal. But, most of all, I knew the rare, true, and fine-hearted Elia. Irving and Lamb were intended for fire-side friends; and I liked them both,—with a difference.

Under this feeling, I shall stand excused for referring slightly to the noble-minded Scotch minister, before I enter upon the merits of my more particular friend. Nothing could be more distinct than the several men. Their habits and the objects of their lives were altogether dissimilar,—as wide apart as England from Cathay; yet, there was in them a similar love of by-gone manners,—of the sincerity and enthusiasm of former times. The antique age of Britain, with its patriots, and priests, and martyrs, was an idol common to both. They themselves seemed a part of it: the one might have

taken his staff, and walked by the side of Hooker the other might have pondered with Burton, and Fuller, and Sir Thomas Browne. And indeed, as far as might be, they threw themselves back into the ancient times, and recovered their true position.

When Irving was first cast forth, from his fire-hearted mountains, into the hot and turbid atmosphere of London, he was as fine a spirit as the Church ever possessed. He was an intelligent, pure, gentle, ardent, disinterested, devoted man. Had he been *firm*,—there is no one of whom so much might have been reasonably hoped. The poet's phrase—"Thou latter Luther," seemed especially to belong to him. But he was *beset*. He was beset by compliments, persuasions, allurements. The false (and foul) Duesa was near him. He saw thousands hanging upon his accents. The pious and the profane, the poor, the noble, and the beautiful, were all in attitudes of attention before him—and there was one speck on his soul, and that was—Vanity.

By that sin

##### Fell Angels!—

And yet,—Vanity is too harsh a word. It was rather that he felt the desertion of those who (he imagined) loved him and his cause, than that he cared for personal homage. Let us abolish the word "vanity."

He was eloquent, too. He had not a correct style; but he was impressive and eloquent. The dull distributors of commonplaces, indeed,—the slender Bachelors, who manufacture their filigree from the solid metal of the elder divines, or weave their no-meanings into sentences as flat and common as the common street, affected to talk critically over his rhetoric. And the High-Church men pitied him. And the Evangelicals pretended to despise his writings, both for style and doctrine. And, finally, his own Church threw him out of its bosom, because he differed from it upon one doctrinal question. He might have been wrong,—or right; we do not know the merits. Be these as they may, it is certain that his Superiors and Elders rejected him altogether, and he found himself at once "a Castaway!"

In this extremity of loneliness,—the incense fuming no longer—his old church friends by his side no longer—opponents loud against him—critics bitter than before—and *not one* rational person near who had resolution or honesty to cry "Hold!"—he fell irrecoverably into that wild hallucination that kept him company to the grave. Between faith and reason he struggled for a long time, and would, in his better days, have come off victorious. But his health was lowered, and his spirit oppressed; and his great natural modesty led him not too easily to disbelieve; and, between all these, (and, we must think some base and cunning artifices,) this noble-minded man fell.—*Requiescat!*

Scarcely was Irving laid in his grave, (he got one hour, at last, from his country,) when Charles Lamb, as fine a person as ever walked neglected through the world of literature, suddenly died. I valued him not simply as a man of intellect, but for the extreme truth and kindness of his nature.

I was acquainted with Mr. Lamb for about seventeen or eighteen years. I saw him first, (I think, for my recollection is here imperfect,) at one of Hazlitt's lectures, or at one of Coleridge's dissertations on Shakspeare, where the metaphysician sucked oranges and said a hundred wonderful things. They were all three extraordinary men. Hazlitt had more of the speculative and philosophical faculty, and more observation (*circumpection*) than Lamb; whilst Coleridge was more subtle and ingenious than either. Lamb's qualities were—a sincere, generous, and tender nature, wit, (at command,) humour, fancy, and—if the creation of character be a test of imagination as I apprehend it is,—imagination.

tion also. Some of his phantasms—the people of the Old South Sea House, Mrs. Battle, the Benchers of the Middle Temple, &c. (all of them ideal,) might be grouped into comedies. His sketches are always (to quote his own eulogy on Marvell) full of "a witty delicacy;" and if properly brought out and marshalled, would do honour to the stage.

When I first became acquainted with Mr. Lamb, he lived, I think, in the Temple; but I did not visit him then, and could scarcely, therefore, be said to *know* him, until he took up his residence in Russell-street, Covent-garden. He had a first floor there, over a brazier's shop—since converted into a bookseller's—wherein he frequently entertained his friends. On certain evenings (Thursdays) one might reckon upon encountering at his rooms from six to a dozen unaffected people, including two or three men of letters. A game at whist and a cold supper, followed by a cheerful glass (glasses!) and "good talk," were the standing dishes upon those occasions. If you came late, you encountered a perfume of the "**GREAT PLANT.**" The pipe, hid in smoke, (the violet amongst its leaves) —a squadron of tumblers, fuming with various odours, and a score of quick intelligent glances, saluted you. There you might see Godwin, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge (though rarely), Mr. Robinson, Sergeant Talfourd (his friend till death), Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Alsager, Mr. Manning, sometimes Miss Kelly, or Liston.—Admiral Burney, Charles Lloyd, Mr. Alsop, and various others; and if Wordsworth was in town, you might stumble upon him also. Our friend's brother, John Lamb, was occasionally there; and his sister, (his excellent sister,) invariably presided.\* Questions of all kinds, with the exception of existing politics, were started, and fairly argued here, —metaphysics and theology—poetry and the drama, and characters of all sorts. Lord Chatham and the five player Cavanagh—Lord Foppington and the "Lord St. Albans"—Jack Banister, and Dicky Suet, were brought forward and separately discussed. Nothing came amiss that was good. It was impossible not to come away pleased from these conversations; and if you did not come away with some new ideas also, it must have been your own fault.

At this time, Lamb was a clerk in the India House; and having every evening at his own command, he devoted one, not unfrequently, to festivity. His talents and agreeable qualities ensured him many invitations,—*too many*, as he considered; for, after trying, in vain, to stem the torrent of civilities which poured in upon him, he took wing, abandoned London, and settled in a suburban retreat, at Dalston or Shacklewell. I remember discovering him in this remote region, after infinite pains, and finding that, amongst other allurements, he had a brick-field close at hand. He could elude this, however, for he was a great pedestrian, and loved to wander on Sundays and in the summer evenings, on the road towards Tottenham or Enfield. He left Dalston, after a short residence; and I soon afterwards learned that he had taken a house on the borders of the New River, at Islington. I soon went to see him in his new residence. It was a small tenement in Colebrook-row, and was remarkable neither for beauty nor convenience. But it held him and all that he cared for—his sister, his friends, his books. One might have fished (for minnows) out of the window, and have walked into the water without hindrance. There was neither stop nor impediment of any sort. His friend, George Dyer, found this, when he plumped into the stream, one fine Sunday morning, without either good will or intention. Lamb has recorded Dyer's

Neptunalia, in a paper entitled '*Amicus Redivivus.*' I happened to call at Lamb's house about ten minutes after this accident; I saw before me a train of water running from the door to the river! Lamb had gone for a surgeon; the maid was running about, distraught, with dry cloths on one arm, and the dripping habitments of the involuntary bather in the other. Miss Lamb, agitated, and whimpering forth "Poor Mr. Dyer," in the most forlorn voice, stood plunging her hands into the wet pockets of his trowsers, to fish up the wet coin. Dyer himself, an amiable little old man, who took water internally, and eschewed strong liquors, lay on his host's bed, hidden by blankets; his head, on which was his short gray hair, alone peered out; and this, having been rubbed dry by a resolute hand,— (by the maid's, I believe, who assisted at the rescue,) looked as if it were bristling with a thousand needles. Lamb, moreover, in his anxiety, had administered a formidable dose of Cognac and water to the sufferer, and he (used only to the simple element) babbled without cessation.

The room in which Lamb lived was plainly, and almost carelessly furnished. Let us enter it, for a moment. Its ornaments, you see, are principally, several long shelves of ancient books—(those are his "ragged veterans"). Some of Hogarth's prints—two after Leonardo da Vinci and Titian—and a portrait of Pope, enrich the walls. At the table, sits an elderly lady (in spectacles) reading; whilst, from an old-fashioned chair by the fire, springs up a little spare man in black, with a countenance pregnant with expression, deep lines in his forehead, quick luminous restless eyes, and a smile as sweet as ever threw sunshine upon the human face. You see that you are welcome. He speaks:—"Well, boys, how are you? What's the news with you? What will you take?" You are comfortable in a moment. Reader! it is Charles Lamb who is before you—the critic—the essayist—the poet—the wit—the large-minded *human being*,—whose apprehension could grasp, without effort, the loftiest subject, and descend in gentleness upon the humblest; who sympathized with all classes and conditions of men—as readily with the sufferings of the tattooed beggar and the poor chimney-sweeper's boy, as with the starry contemplations of Hamlet, "the Dane," or the eagle-flighted madness of Lear.

The books that I have adverted to, as filling his shelves, were mainly English books—the poets, dramatists, divines, essayists, &c.,—ranging from the commencement of the Elizabeth period, down to the times of Addison and Steele. Besides these,—of the earliest writers, Chaucer was there; and, amongst the moderns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others, whom he loved.

He had more real knowledge of old English literature than any man whom I ever knew. He was not an antiquarian. He neither hunted after commas, nor scribbled notes which confounded his text. The *Spirit* of the author descended upon him; and he felt it!—With Burton and Fuller, Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, he was an intimate. The ancient poets—chiefly the dramatic poets—were his especial friends. He knew every point and turn of their wit—all the beauty of their characters; loving each for some one distinguishing particular, and despising none. For absolute contempt is a quality of youth and ignorance—a folly which a wise man rejects; and he rejected it accordingly. If he contemned anything, it was contempt itself. He saw that every one bore some sign or mark (God's gift), for which he ought to be valued by his fellows, and esteemed a man. He could pick out a merit from each author in his turn. He liked Heywood for his simplicity and pathos; Webster for his deep and gloomy insight into the heart; Ben Jonson for his humour; Marlow for his "mighty line"; Fletcher for his wit and flowing sweetness; and Shakspeare for

his combination of wonders. He loved Donne too, and Quarles, and Marvell, and Sir Philip Sidney, and a long list besides. Setting aside the extreme moderns, he was a Catholic in his worship of books; preferring some assuredly to others—some for their intrinsic excellence—some for their modest half-concealed beauties—and a few because they were robbed, as he thought, of their just fame. No subject deterred him: he read and pondered over histories, poems, sermons, essays, and plays. He traversed all the regions of fiction; from the Elysian fields to the plains of La Mancha—from the transformations of Ovid to the Arabian enchantments. "Scanderbeg" was not too heavy, nor "Riquet with the Tuft" too light for him. He loved best, perhaps, the fine gentlemen of the days of Wycheley and Congreve, or the finer race of the Elizabethan times; but he could turn aside from these, and go backwards into the heroic ages, and muse upon "the shores of Old Romance."

I have heard him tell how, one by one, he contrived to purchase his ragged company of books. In the early days of his clerkship at the India House, his salary was small, and he and his sister lived together. It was necessary, therefore, to be prudent; but wishes could not always be restrained. The first volume on which he set his heart, was "Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays," (a folio). It lay (a tempting bait) on an old bookstall; but the price was some sixteen shillings!—a considerable sum in those days. "We must wait, Mary," said he; and they waited accordingly—for a week or two—for a month or two. At last, the money being saved, he set forth to the book-vender, purchased the precious folio, and brought it home, under his arm, in triumph. The delightful evenings that followed this acquisition, remained bright in his memory after a lapse of twenty years. It was thus that he became, gradually, the possessor of many valuable English books. He bought none "for show," and he kept none which he did not prize.

No one will love the old English writers again as he did. Others may have a leaning towards them—a respect—an admiration—a sort of young man's love: but the true relishing is over; the close familiar friendship is dissolved. He who went back into dim antiquity, and sought them out, and proclaimed their worth to the world—abandoning the gaudy rhetoric of popular authors for their sake, is now translated into the shadowy regions of the friends he worshipped. He who was once separated from them by a hundred lustres, hath surmounted that great interval of time and space, and is now—THEIR CONTEMPORARY!

The wit of Mr. Lamb was known to most persons conversant with existing literature. It was said that his friends bestowed more than due praise upon it. It is clear that his enemies did it injustice. They called it affected, quaint, involved, and so forth. Such as it was, it was at all events *his own*. He did not "get up" his conversations, nor explore the hoards of other wits, nor rake up the ashes of former fires. Right or wrong, he set to work unassisted; and by dint of his own strong capacity and fine apprehension, he struck out as many substantially new ideas, as any man of his time. The quality of his humour was essentially different from that of other men. It was not simply a tissue of jests or conceits, broad, far-fetched, or elaborate; but it was a combination of wit and pathos—a sweet stream of thought, bubbling and sparkling with witty fancies; such as I do not remember to have elsewhere met with, except in Shakspeare. There is occasionally a mingling of the serious and the comic in "Don Juan," and in one or two other writers; but they differ, after all, materially from Mr. Lamb's humour:—whether they are better or worse, is unimportant. His delicate and irritable

\* I might have added to these names, those of Mr. Martin Burney, and Barry Cornwall. Mr. Lamb did not become acquainted with Mr. Carey, Mr. Allan Cunningham, Mr. Hood, Mr. Moxon, &c. till a later period of his life.

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genius, influenced by his early studies, and fettered by old associations, moved within a limited circle. Yet, this was not without its advantages; for, whilst it stopped him from many bold (and many idle) speculations and theories, it gave to his writings their peculiar charm, their individuality, their sincerity, their pure gentle original character. Wit, which is "impersonal," and, for that very reason perhaps, is nine times out of ten a mere heartless matter, in him assumed a new shape and texture. It was a "mingled yarn"; no longer simply malicious, but coloured by a hundred gentle feelings. It bore the rose as well as the thorn. His heart warmed the jests and conceits with which his brain was busy, and turned them into flowers.

It is unfortunate that most of his brilliant things—all such as are not preserved in his essays or in his unpublished letters, (a mine to be worked,) are lost. In general, when a man casts forth a clever thought, you may, should you forget it, be sure to hear of it in another place. It will be in Bacon or Hobbes, in Hume or Rousseau, or the philosopher of Ferney. But if Lamb said a good thing, and it was lost, it was lost for ever; for all that he said was sincerely and emphatically his own. It is possible, indeed, that here and there one of his vagrant thoughts may still be working its way up in some hearer's mind; producing, if the soil be good, a delicate exotic flower. It may be admired and prized (by common eyes) more than the original would have been; but it will be no more *like* the original, than the polyanthus which "the garden grows" is to the primrose—the "virgin primrose"—the "pale primrose"—of the April fields.

Every one who knew Mr. Lamb, knew that his humour was not affected. It was a style—a habit; generated by reading the ancient writers, but adopted in perfect sincerity, and used towards all persons and upon all occasions. He was the same in 1810 as in 1834—when he died. A man cannot go on "affecting" for five and twenty years. He must be sometimes sincere. Now, Lamb was always the same. I never knew a man upon whom Time wrought so little. Who would not suppose (from internal evidence) but that the following letter was written a month ago? [He was requested to reconstruct some manuscripts on the subject of the punishment of Death, a thing which his correspondent had much at heart, and of which he was the *real* abolisher, as much as Clarkson was of the slave trade. Lamb, however, as it seems, gave up the task in despair.]

"Mr. Hazlitt's, Winterslow, near Sarum.  
"12th July, 1810.

"Dear ——, I have turned and twisted the MSS. in my head, and can make nothing of them. I knew when I took them that I could not; but I do not like to do an act of ungracious necessity at once; so I am ever committing myself by half-engagements and total failures. I cannot make any body understand why I can't do such things. It is a defect in my occiput. I cannot put other people's thoughts together. I forgot every paragraph, as fast as I read it; and my head has received such a shock by an all-night journey on the top of the coach, that I shall have enough to do to nurse it into its natural pace before I go home. I must devote myself to imbecility. I must be gloriously useless while I stay here. How is Mrs. ——? Will she pardon my inefficiency? The city of Salisbury is full of weeping and wailing. The Bank has stopped payment; and every body in the town kept money at it, or has got some of its notes. Some have lost all they had in the world. It is the next thing to seeing a city with the plague within its walls. The Wilton people are all undone. All the manufacturers there kept cash at the Salisbury bank; and I do suppose it to be the unhappiest county in England, this where I am making holiday.

We purpose setting out for Oxford Tuesday fortnight, and coming thereby home. But no more night-travelling. My head is sore (understand it of the inside,) with that deduction from my natural rest, which I suffered coming down. Neither Mary nor I can spare a morsel of our rest. It is incumbent on us to be misers of it. Travelling is not good for us—we travel so seldom. If the Sun be Hell, it is not for the fire, but for the semipartial motion of that miserable Body of Light. How much more dignified leisure hath a muscle, glued to his impassable rocky limit, two inch square. He hears the tide roll over him backwards and forwards twice a day, (as the d—d Salisbury Long Coach goes and returns in eight and forty hours,) but knows better than to take an outside night-place a top on't. He is the Owl of the Sea, Minerva's fish. The fish of Wisdom!

"Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. ——

"Yours truly,

"C. LAMB."

I shall give a few specimens of his very peculiar epistolary style, in my next (and concluding) paper, on this subject.

[To be continued.]

#### THE MORISTAN OF CAIRO, AND THE IRRE- ANSTALT OF SIEGBURG, ON THE RHINE.

[Extract from a Letter, dated Bonn, on the Rhine,  
from Alfred Walne, Esq.]

• • • Of the diseases which affect mankind, there are none more calculated to awaken the sympathy of the observer, than those aberrations of the mind which, in a variety of shades, from idiatism and monomania, to general and frantic madness, either subject the patient to occasional restraints, or condemn him for life to the gloomy solitude of a prison. Among the less civilized people of the East, the idiot is the subject of superstitious veneration and ridiculous respect,—the madman, of terror and neglect: in the cultivated nations of Europe both are the objects, not only of our commiseration, but of our active and humane care. With but a short interval of time, I have chanced to visit two lunatic establishments in distant countries, and which have excited widely different feelings: one was in the capital of Egypt, the other in a Prussian province,—one in a country whose intelligent but ambitious governor, though effecting much for the civilization of his people, principally employs his talents for conquest and territorial aggrandizement; the other, in a kingdom whose monarch avails himself of peace to spread the blessings of education, and to render his nation not only powerful, but moral, intellectual, and happy.

The *Moristan*, or mad-house of Cairo, is placed near the centre of the town, not far distant from the assemblage of bazaars, which, under the name of *Khan Khalil*, forms the principal mart of trade and the vanity fair of that crowded city. Viewed from the street, the edifice seems of considerable extent, and, at the period of my visit, its exterior had recently been ornamented in the best style of Arab art,—in other words, had been coloured from base to pinnacle with alternate stripes of red and white. The interior of the mosque, which occupies a large portion of the building, and is a favourite resort of numerous devotees, had also shared in the decorations, on which large sums had been lavished. The exterior display, the interior embellishments, though tawdry, as is usual in the mosques of Cairo, induced me to augur favourably of the establishment I was visiting, when, following my Arab guide down a dark passage, I was introduced to that portion of the building which is intended to be an asylum for the insane. This is a small open quadrangular court, having in its centre a stone reservoir half filled with dirty water, called a fountain. Around the court are a dozen iron-grated cages, precisely such as would be employed for the confinement of wild beasts

in a menagerie. In each was a wretched animal, presenting a human form, but chained by the neck to the wall of his cell. Several were entirely naked, others but scantly covered with dirty rags; a few had pieces of old matting to lie upon, but the majority were wallowing in their own filth. At our approach some assumed their frantic gestures, and burst forth in incoherent menaces; but the greater number seemed dead to all but animal instincts, and took no other notice of us than to call loudly and vehemently—"Esh, esh! moyeh, moyeh!"—bread, bread! water, water! We had brought the former, and the latter, though not the purest imaginable, was at hand; cake after cake was snatched and devoured with all the greediness of half-starved animals—cup after cup seemed scarcely to assuage their neglected thirst. So far as I could learn, no treatment, medical or moral, is applied to these miserable patients: pipes are their only relief; and were it not for the charity of curious, and occasionally superstitious, visitors, the inmates of the *Moristan* would of necessity perish.

From such a melancholy scene of barbarous neglect we turn with indescribable pleasure to an institution, in which science is actively and beneficially exerted in the cause of humanity. Nature has peculiarly favoured the locality of Siegburg, the site of which is far preferable to that of any asylum which I have visited, either in my own or foreign countries. The insulated rock, on which stands the *Irrenanstalt*, rises abruptly from the plain, and commands a rich and romantic view, bounded towards the south by the peaks of the *sieben gebirge*,—towards the north by undulations over which the towers of Cologne are just discernible,—on the east by a chain of low wooded hills,—whilst, towards the west, the eye is attracted to the wide expanse of Rhine, which flows so majestically amidst gardens and vineyards, spired villages, and ruined castles. At the foot of the rock stands the old town of Siegburg, whose crumbling ramparts are bathed by the Sieg, a mountain torrent that, after meandering a couple of leagues, precipitates itself into the Rhine. In the eleventh century, the mountain, or rather craggy hill, of Siegburg was crowned by a castle belonging to the Count Palatine Henry, who presented it to the Archbishop Annon. The latter established there a Benedictine monastery, erecting for this purpose a vast and stately edifice. Napoleon, who everywhere appropriated monastic properties to the purposes of the state, expelled the humble Benedictines from their splendid residence: and after the peace, the Prussian government having failed in finding a purchaser, the building was, by a few additions and alterations, converted into an *Irrenanstalt*, or asylum for the insane of the Rhenish provinces. Nothing can be better adapted to such an institution than the long corridors and separate cells which form the interior of a monastery. The edifice is nearly quadrangular, but its great central court is divided by a noble church, which towers above the rest of the structure. On three sides the ground-floor is almost entirely occupied by the kitchen, baths, and offices: the cells of the first floor are principally devoted to the poor patients, whilst those of the second are inhabited by the *pensionnaires*, or persons of a higher class, who are admitted on terms proportioned to the accommodation which they require. The fourth side of the quadrangle, which offers the advantage of being a little separated from the others, has for its inmates the more restless or noisy patients of all classes, the ground-floor being assigned to the men, and that above to the women. At present there are about two hundred patients, of which only eighty are females.

There is one peculiarity in the moral treatment adopted in this institution, which is especially worthy of notice—the employment of

labours, either mental or bodily, as a remedial measure. With this view, a distinction is made as to the habits and relative education of the patients. Of the poorer inmates, the males are, with but few exceptions, employed six hours every day in the cultivation of the gardens and fields which surround the hill; whilst the females either spin or are actively engaged in the domestic arrangements. In their leisure hours, those who are recovering, meet in rooms set apart for society, in which mechanical games, the journals, and works of a light and instructive character are introduced for their amusement. The *pensionnaires*, in general persons of good education, are also called into activity—the ladies to exercise themselves in needlework, reading, or music—the gentlemen to pursue literary or arithmetical studies proportioned to their abilities, and adapted to the peculiarities of their cases. The occupations of both are carefully superintended by well-informed persons of both sexes, the literary exercises being more particularly revised and corrected by the Protestant and Catholic clergymen of the establishment. One gentleman, whom I visited, was translating Cæsar's Commentaries; a second was learning a new piece of music; and a third, observing that I was a foreigner, conversed with me in Latin. The private apartments of the *pensionnaires* are supplied with every necessary comfort, and the courts and gardens afford ample space for recreation and exercise. There is a library, and in the public rooms, billiards, and various kinds of games and musical instruments serve to while away the few hours which are not expressly devoted either to bodily exercise or to study. Idleness is banished, and with it much of the melancholy which is so usually observable among the insane: order, neatness, and industry, reign in every branch of this interesting establishment, the arrangements of which reflect infinite credit on its learned and scientific director, Dr. Jacobi.

In drawing a comparison between two institutions so widely different as the Moristan at Cairo, and the Irrenanstalt of Siegburg, it is but justice to observe, that the former is looked upon by a Turk rather as a prison for persons who might be dangerous in society, than as an hospital for the alleviation of mental disease; whilst the benefits of the latter are especially directed to those cases, constituting the great majority, in which remedial measures offer a prospect of success. But, considered even in the most favourable points of view, the Moristan is an indelible disgrace to the government of Mohammed Ali.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Jena (Saxe-Weimar), 15th Jan. 1835.

I was about to send you a gossiping letter on a multitude of comparatively unimportant subjects, when all interest and attention here was absorbed by one of the most tragical and astounding events ever recorded in literary biography. You may rely on every particular I am now about to relate. I know all the parties intimately—know all circumstances by direct letters—an authorized to communicate them to you—and most anxious to do so without the loss of a single moment, lest misrepresentations should find their way into the English papers. You have, at least, heard, by name and name, of Dr. H. S.—, Custos of the Royal Library at Berlin,—distinguished, as a scholar, by his edition of "Pacuvii Doulourestes"—as a poet, by his collection of Greek Songs, and his "Bilder des Orients." He married, four or five years since, a highly-accomplished and amiable young lady, Miss W.— of Leipzig. They lived most happily together, but

<sup>†</sup> We have suppressed the names. To the few personally interested, the parties are sufficiently indicated—to the many, it is of little consequence, and the publication might give pain, although there can be no doubt that, notwithstanding our precaution, they will shortly be bruited about all over Europe.

had no family. Her whole time and attentions therefore were devoted to him: his success, his fame, his happiness, engrossed all her thoughts. During the summer of 1833 they travelled together through Russia, and returned to Berlin delighted with the scenes they had passed through, and full of enthusiasm and new literary projects. But soon after the husband was taken ill. His disorder was peculiar, and the physicians expressed their fears that his mind would be ultimately affected. In the autumn of last year they visited together the Baths of Rissingen, but he did not derive from them the benefit anticipated. They were detained on their return by illness at Hanover, and only reached Berlin late in the season; but as soon as he arrived, he resigned his situation of Custos of the Royal Library, that he might enjoy, undisturbed, the quiet of domestic life, and recover, if possible, his health. A friend, and one whom I had introduced, had often spoken to them of the beautiful environs of Jena—of our habits, manners, and social life. Led by his description, and perhaps a wish, under circumstances, to change the scene, they had resolved to spend the next summer in our little town. This was especially her plan; and in arranging for, and talking over, the contemplated change, the time passed until the 29th of December, when the Doctor went to a public concert. He expressed his intention of leaving it before a symphony of Beethoven's should be performed, fearing that it would be too much for him, and try his weak nerves too severely. His wife persuaded him to the contrary: he remained—was gratified and cheered by it—and returned home full of his plans for the next summer. When he entered his lodgings he found all in confusion. During his absence his wife, having previously dressed herself in white, had killed herself—she had pointed a dagger to her heart, and with a resolved spirit struck a sure blow, and expired instantly. The maid-servant, who heard her mistress fall, finding both doors which led to her chamber fastened, called for the landlord. On forcing an entrance, they found her dead. The unfortunate husband arrived at this moment. The following letter, written with a firm hand upon a sheet of common paper, lay upon the table:—

"More unhappy than thou hast been, thou canst not be, my most beloved; happier thou mayst become with real misfortune. There is often a wonderful blessing in misfortune—you will surely find it so. We suffered together one sorrow: thou knowest how I suffered in silence: no reproach ever came from you—much, much hast thou loved me. It will be better for thee—much better. Why? I feel, but have not words to express what I feel. We shall meet hereafter free and unfettered. But thou wilt live out thy time upon earth. Fulfil then thy destiny, and act with energy. Salute all whom I loved, and who loved me in return. Till, in all eternity we meet, thy CHARLOTTE.

"P.S. Do not betray weakness—be firm, strong, and resolute."

These are the brief particulars of perhaps the most extraordinary suicide in the world's records. This heroic woman had a deep insight into the nature of her husband's malady: she felt and knew that nothing but a real and lasting sorrow could give another direction to his thoughts, and save him from madness; and she offered herself a willing sacrifice to his happiness. It is perhaps still more extraordinary, that from this eventful moment he has recovered; the physicians declare that no medicine could have worked with half such potency either on mind or body. He feels himself strong and able to fulfil her last declared wishes, and to accomplish those great projects which heretofore he merely contemplated and speculated on. Since her death he has written some beautiful verses addressed to her friends, in which he explains her mo-

tives and her conduct, and its influences on himself.

What do you think of this strange history? I will confess to you, that this magnanimous error of a noble nature has painfully interested me. Notwithstanding the abundant love, and the noble self-devotion which it proves, there is in such conduct something so unnatural, so utter a want of all religious hope and feeling, that it has most deeply affected me. I am in no humour, as you may suppose, to write upon trifles after this, and therefore for the present I conclude.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

In the interesting report of the French Minister of Public Instruction, given in a former *Athenæum* (No. 372), it was mentioned that the celebrated MS. "Sic et non" of Abelard had been discovered. We now learn from the *Courrier d'Indre et Loire* that, on the discovery, the Minister desired the mayor to forward the precious manuscript to Paris; but that the mayor having submitted the request to the Municipal Council, that body decided that the manuscript should not leave the library of Tours.

The thirty-second number of the *American Quarterly Review* has just arrived. Its contents are of a more miscellaneous character than has hitherto been usual in that publication. The first is on Lieber's Letters from America to a friend in Germany; it contains lessons by which English travellers might profit. Andrieni's tragedy of "Adam," republished by Sig. Maronecelli 217 years after the appearance of the first edition, is made the groundwork for discussing the originality of Milton's "Paradise Lost." The Military Academy at West Point (U.S.), condemned by the legislatures of two States, is defended with more zeal than ability. There are two reviews of American novels; and besides these, a very clever article on Mrs. Somerville's "Connexion of the Sciences," and two very laudatory reviews of the *Autobiography* of Sir Egerton Brydges, and the *Biography* of Mrs. Hannah More.

Strictly speaking, perhaps, the new works in progress at the Houses of Parliament belong neither to literature nor art—save the art of making the most of a short period of time, and the least of a tolerably long sum of money; but they claim a passing mention, especially at the present political moment. On viewing these alterations a few mornings since, we were struck with the shorn state in which the glory of our Peers, temporal and spiritual, will find itself during the coming session—cabined, as it were, in a closet: the Commons are much better off, and their new hall, though plain, is spacious, and will prove commodious. The old house looks so majestic, and, we had almost said, touching, in its ruined state, that we cannot wish it rebuilt; if the rubbish round were cleared away, it would be one of the most beautiful as well as interesting relics of old times in the metropolis.

The iron hand of the Spirit of Politics still lies heavy upon Literature, but Art is making a few of those slight motions which precede its awakening for the spring season. The British Institution will open in a few days, and, as we have heard, will number among other treasures, a very fine portrait of the veteran Sir William Beechey, by Rothwell, whose return to England it would have been just as civil in us to have announced some months ago. A friend of ours saw in his studio not long since, the sketch of Thorwaldsen's head, mentioned (as our readers may remember) in the shrewd and searching letters of our Roman correspondent; he, like our "gossip" across the channel, was struck by the elevation and holiness of the sculptor's countenance, and the power and simplicity with which the artist has caught its expression.

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We regret to announce the death of Frederick William Smith, second son of Anker Smith, the eminent engraver, and the first and best of the pupils of Chantrey, the sculptor, who died on Sunday morning last at Shrewsbury, after a long and distressing illness. His merits as an artist were of no ordinary kind; he had much force of conception, and singular ease and gracefulness of execution: in male figures, such as his Ajax, he united natural action with great anatomical knowledge; and his female figures were remarkable for their unconstrained elegance of posture, the round softness of their limbs, and their perfect delicacy and truth of expression. We have seen little in English sculpture which surpassed the fleshy softness of his modelling. By his groups of *Haemon* and *Antigone*, Smith gained the gold medal of the Royal Academy, and raised expectations which were realized in his beautiful group from the *Deluge*, of a Mother and Child—his Ajax, and other creations of the same kind. He failed in obtaining the prize on which he had set his heart—namely, the one which entitles the winner to study three years in Rome; his model, though nothing like so smooth as the one which won it, excelled it far in originality of conception. Nor were his busts inferior to his other works; those of Chantrey, Brunel, and Allan Cunningham are the best; it was of the latter that Flaxman, who was then arranging the works of art in Somerset House, said—“I shall give this bust, by Smith, the best place in the exhibition, for, in sentiment, it surpasses any head I have seen here for some years.” It is needless to add, that he kept his word. This young artist was frank, spirited, and kind-hearted, and was warmly beloved by all with whom he had intercourse: he was certainly the first of our second class of sculptors; nay, some of his works have a right to stand in the front rank.

After the balancings and doubts which have long distressed our *Opera-goers*, it will be a relief to them to rest upon the certainty that Laporte is to resume the management of the theatre, we are told, will open early in March, with a company yet stronger than the *corps* of last year, inasmuch as we are promised, in addition to our favourites of eighteen hundred and thirty-four, the Ophicleide among voices—the giant tones and comely presence of Lablache. But we must beg in time for some new scenery and properties—(new music, of course, *must* be given)—we know all—every leaf in every tree in the Haymarket, and we cannot compliment them by calling theirs “a green old age.” We are glad to find that M. Laporte comes into possession on more advantageous terms than formerly.

Before we quit the subjects of painting and the drama, we may as well notice the death of Lafontaine, the French painter, and afterwards picture-dealer, through whose negotiations this country received the splendid picture by Rembrandt, of “The Woman taken in Adultery,” now in the National Gallery.

Our Parisian neighbours, we see, are meditating a monument to Duchesnois, their famous actress. We wish that, among their tidings of the living, they would announce Victor Hugo's new novel, (the work with the very long name,) as “Just ready.”

From Germany, tidings have reached us of disturbance and disquietude. “Our Universities,” says a correspondent, “are in a rage; first, very severe laws for the poor students, and then, nobody knows what is lurking behind. They have made an end of the privileged Academic Courts of Justice; and, lastly, as a new year's gift for Jena, the professors are to be saddled with the trouble of correcting their auditors' essays three times every half year.” There is also a little Weimar scandal in our friend's letter, but with this we have nothing to do.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Jan. 7.—The Rev. J. H. Spy, D.D., in the chair. The conclusion of a paper by Mr. Cullimore, ‘On Bilinguo Hieroglyphics and Cuneiform Inscriptions,’ was read. This memoir had reference more particularly to some drawings transmitted to the Society in the autumn of last year from Syria, by Mr. Bonomi, representing certain tablets, both hieroglyphic and cuneiform, found together among several more modern inscriptions on the rocks of Elkell, (the ancient *Lycus*), near Beyrouth.† The author considers these inscriptions as in all probability records of the reign of Ramses the Great, whose name appears in the hieroglyphic tablets. Monuments of this description hitherto known to the learned having been, by general consent, referred to Cyrus and his immediate successors, on the authority of the names developed by Professor Grotewald's alphabet of the arrow-headed characters, the present writer, in the first place, directed the attention of his auditory to the supposed test of the validity of the Professor's views—viz. the alabaster vase in the Musée Royal, on which that distinguished scholar read the name of Xerxes in the arrow-headed characters, and M. Champollion the same in the accompanying hieroglyphics. In M. Champollion's reading of the latter, which has been adopted by Klaproth, Rosellini, and others, the hieroglyphics of that monarch plainly appear, without the slightest allusion to any difficulty in the decipherment. In the first copy published, however, that of Count Caylus, on the correctness of which we have some reason to rely, the inscription presents merely unintelligible scratches; if, therefore, M. Champollion's reading be not wholly conjectural, it is, at least, attended with difficulties which ought not to have been passed over in silence.

The writer remarked, in continuation, on the total want of evidence for the identity of Tehilminar, or the *Takht-i-Jemsheed*, with the Persepolis of the Greeks; a theory advanced by Grotewald. He signified his intention hereafter to show, that the arrow-headed groups consist of sentences extracted from the Magian ritual, attributed to King Jemsheed, the founder of Tehilminar, after the manner of the inscriptions on the walls of Mohammedan edifices, and in conformity with a similar custom among the Egyptians and Hebrews. We thus appear directed to a common epoch for the hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions and sculptures. As an argument for the antiquity of the Persepolitan characters, the writer gave his opinion that they appear clearly to have furnished the type of the Greek alphabet. Such a derivation of the Cadian characters agrees with the descent of Cadmus from Belus.

A positive epoch being given by Mr. Bonomi's tablets for the lateral hieroglyphic inscriptions, our inquiries are hereby directed to an age coeval with that of the tablets of Abydos, which we owe to the same monarch, whose name appears on the tablets from the *Lycus*. This view is borne out by the evidence of historical and chronological correspondences. The examination of this evidence resulted in the determination of the hieroglyphic astronomical epoch of the arts and sciences of Egypt, which continued in a state of progressive advancement during at least twenty-three reigns, from the age of Osirtezen I., or the beginning of the eighteenth century B.C., to Ramses II.

The writer then proceeded to a consideration of the parallel epoch unfolded in the Persian archaeology. This he discovers in the age of the great civilizer and benefactor of his country,

† Mr. Bonomi has since returned to London, and has brought with him a cast of the most remarkable of these tablets.

King Jemsheed, which, as calculated from the calendar compiled by that monarch, corresponds to the above date, or about 1800 years B.C.; and hence the rise of literature and the arts in Egypt and Persepolis will appear to have been synchronous. Their duration seems likewise to have been equally parallel—extending to within eleven centuries of the Christian era. This was shown from arguments, founded on the identity of the Egyptian and Persepolitan calendars, the former appearing to have been introduced into the East about the time of the overthrow of the race of Jemsheed. Hence, again, arises a suspicion, that to the conquering armies of Egypt we are to attribute that revolution, which, it was further shown, occurred in a period coincident with the reign of Ramses II. May we not, therefore, (asked the writer of the memoir,) attribute the decline of the Persepolitan splendour to the great Ramses, and view Mr. Bonomi's tablets as records immediately connected with the expedition?

A paper, by Mr. Hamilton, followed, on a new reading in the fourth book of Thucydides. The passage occurs in the 41st chapter, in the course of the oration pronounced by Pericles over those Athenian citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war. The words referred to are those in which, according to the editors, the orator alludes to the monuments, everywhere planted by the Athenians, “both of good and evil,” κακῶν τε καὶ ἀγαθῶν, to the ravages they had committed, and the benefits they had conferred. The writer stated his opinion, that the arguments and examples adduced in confirmation of this incongruous and improbable reading, do not bear it out. He proposes to read καλῶν τε καὶ ἀγαθῶν, as a probable sense, and entirely applicable to the sentiment which was ever uppermost in the minds and mouths of the people of Athens, when they spoke of the glory of their country or the worth of their fellow citizens. This reading has, besides, the support of more than one manuscript of Thucydides.

##### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 19.—Lieut.-Col. H. W. Sykes, V.P., in the chair.—John Buckle, and Edwin Chadwick, Esqrs. (not of the Council) were elected Auditors for the present year, J. E. Drinkwater, Esq., being the Auditor previously chosen by the Council.

Mr. Preston (the Assistant Secretary) then proceeded to read the remainder of Mr. Jacob's ‘Observations and Suggestions respecting the Collection, Concentration, and Diffusion of Statistical Knowledge regarding the State of the Nation,’ an analysis of the first part of which was given in a former paper (No. 375). The subjects then touched on were such as the Excise and Customs furnished, a clue by which to estimate their relative and actual importance. There are, however, productions of our own soil, which are not subjected to financial supervision, but which, notwithstanding, said Mr. Jacob, increase the wealth and comfort of the empire in a degree rendering them deserving of especial review. These native productions are either applied to manufacturing purposes, and thus form some valuable branch of trade, or they are exported in their raw state to the great benefit of the community. The most valuable of such productions is coal, respecting the quantity or increased production of which, from year to year, it is difficult to form any very accurate estimate, owing to its being scattered through so many of the counties. Whilst the duty on sea-borne coals was in existence, the quantity, as well of them as of what was exported to foreign countries, was easy to be ascertained; but these form a very imperfect scale by which to estimate the number of tons annually extracted from the mines. “There are,” continued the writer, “few subjects on which our statistical knowledge is

less informed than on the quantity of coal produced within the kingdom, while there is none in which an accurate knowledge is of more importance. The consumption of it is a sure criterion of the *advancing* or *declining* state of our manufactures, as well as of the improved or deteriorated condition of the inhabitants of those other parts of the empire where that valuable fuel is not afforded." A plan was suggested by the writer for obtaining periodical returns of the quantities extracted from the mines, and as the whole duty on coal is now abandoned, without the probability of its being again renewed, the apprehension of taxation need not operate to prevent the owners of even the smaller mining concerns from making known, if applied to properly, the sum of the quantities they severally extract.

The next article of importance noticed in the lists of native productions, is salt, which, from the most remote ages, and in all countries, has been deemed a proper object of taxation, although, in this country, strong inducements caused a repeal of the tax a few years since. During the continuance of this tax, much useful statistical information was derived respecting that valuable branch of industry the fishery, salt being delivered to fishermen free of duty, on their entering into bonds, which bonds were cancelled on their producing salted fish of various kinds, in proportion to the quantities of salt which had been delivered to them at the commencement of their fishing expeditions. The remaining articles enumerated by the writer as coming under the denomination of native productions, were the potteries, respecting the details of which much information was given, lead, tin, and copper; the quantity of this latter article, exported in an unmanufactured state, being stated as four times greater than what is imported.

In speaking of agriculture, Mr. Jacob observed, "The quantity of corn imported from foreign countries will show the difference between our production and consumption in a series of deficient harvests when they occur—but neither the quantity grown, nor the excess in those years, when they occur, in which our harvests are superabundant. We are equally unacquainted with the other products of agriculture throughout the kingdom, such as meat, tallow, butter, cheese, potatoes, turnips, hay, seed-oils, hemp, flax, and the smaller valuable articles which are obtained from our rural industry."

One of the means, continued the writer, by which wealth has been created within the British empire, has been by the establishment of colonies. These, he observed, have been gradually peopled by persons who are almost exclusively cultivators of the earth. Such colonies have scarcely produced any manufactured goods; the people have continued to receive such goods from the mother country in exchange for their raw produce, such being found mutually advantageous; and, though some of our colonies have become independent states, yet, after the lapse of more than half a century, this exchange supports commercial operations between Great Britain and those states, which are of larger extent than exist between any two countries on the globe, not under the same government. The writer disclaims any intention of discussing the abstract question of colonization, but wishes merely to show the importance of ascertaining the actual state of those we at present possess, so far as regards their consumption of our various products.

Having thus far treated only of raw productions, Mr. Jacob proceeded to consider the various kinds of goods into which those productions are converted by manufacture, and with this view he went into many details respecting the fabrication of cotton, woollen, and linen goods; and, as connected with metals and the potteries,

of hard and earthen wares. He next suggested a method by which periodical returns might be obtained, as well from manufacturers as proprietors of mines; stating that, "in each branch of our manufactures, and in all divisions of those branches, there are to be found men of practical knowledge, of inquiring habits, and of acute observation. From such persons information might be gained which, when compared with each other, and sedulously examined, would give the true state of trade at each period. The five subjects immediately touched upon," he observed, "have many circumstances in common, out of which various suggestions present themselves for consideration. These manufactures have, perhaps, been the chief sources of the wealth with which this country abounds; and, without entering into the different questions of the extent to which they have been the causes of wealth, their condition and progress from time to time become an object deserving our constant attention."

The thanks of the meeting having been voted to Mr. Jacob for his valuable communication, Mr. Preston proceeded to read an abstract of, and selections from, 'Quadri's Statistical Account of the Venetian Provinces,' compiled by John Elliott Drinkwater, Esq.

"It was suggested," said Mr. Drinkwater, in his introductory remarks, "by a valuable member of this Society," alluding, as we afterwards learned, to Professor the Rev. Richard Jones, "in the course of an address delivered by him upon its first formation, that the attention of those who have not much opportunity of collecting original information in furtherance of its objects, might be usefully directed towards the analysis of statistical works of established reputation already published. Many such exist, chiefly in foreign languages; and it seems not unreasonable to think that a compendious view of some of their results, may be presented to the Society, which, for a large portion of its members will have nearly the same interest as an original communication.—The work," Mr. Drinkwater continued, "which I have selected in consequence of this suggestion of my learned colleague, is one which appears to me to be written on an admirable plan, while the limited extent and well defined nature of the territory to which it relates (Venice) is such that a tolerably accurate idea of the whole can be given without extending this paper beyond reasonable limits. Signor Quadri is one of the Secretaries to the Imperial Venetian Government, and the tables and accounts which his book contains, may be considered as put forth with the sanction, and almost with the authority of the State whose officer he is."

We may here briefly state, that the first volume of this work, which is devoted to a sketch of the progress of statistical knowledge, chiefly in the territory of Venice from the earliest period of its history to the present time, was published in 1824; the second, which is divided into fourteen heads or chapters, comprising—1. Topography; 2. Population; 3. 4. 5. Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Productions; 6. Arts and Manufactures; 7. Commerce; 8. 9. 10. Political, Judicial, and Economical Administration; 11. Military and Naval Force; 12. Public Education; 13. Public Charities; and, 14. Ecclesiastical Establishments—in 1826; and the illustrative Tables, or, as Quadri calls them, the Statistical Atlas, appeared in 1827. It should be observed, that almost the whole of the tables in the second volume are drawn up for the year 1823, which is to be understood when no other year is specially mentioned.

Great praise is due to Mr. Drinkwater for the able manner in which he acquitted himself of his self-imposed, and, in many instances, laborious task.

The chapters on Topography and Population

were those selected to be read to the meeting, and from the former we shall give the following curious and interesting summaries; and first, of the division of the whole of the Venetian territory.

|                                | <i>Tornature.*</i> |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| Arable                         | 747,261            |
| Meadows                        | 136,704            |
| Pastures                       | 52,296             |
| Rice Grounds ( <i>Risale</i> ) | 17,821             |
| Woods                          | 37,571             |
|                                | 991,653            |

|                        |        |
|------------------------|--------|
| Bottoms or Valleys.    |        |
| Capable of Cultivation | 51,274 |
| Marshes                | 63,202 |

|              |         |
|--------------|---------|
| Hilly Lands. |         |
| Hills        | 186,831 |
| Mountains    | 591,184 |

|                |                              |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| Barren Wastes. |                              |
| Total Surface  | 2,371,071 <i>Tornature</i> . |

This account, however, is not to be taken as quite accurate: a general survey of the country, on the plan of the celebrated Censimento, of Lombardy, was in progress at the time of the publication of Quadri's work. In this, an account will be taken of the extent and cultivation of every farm in the country, to serve as the foundation of a complete registration of conveyances, similar to that which is already in operation in other parts of Italy and Germany.

A summary of the total average expenditure on the roads, bridges, rivers, canals, lakes and harbours, gives the following results:

|                        |                         |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| Government expenditure | 3,200,000 <i>lira</i> . |
| Township ditto         | 420,000                 |
| City of Venice ditto   | 190,000                 |
| Private Companies      | 94,000                  |

Total ..... 4,750,000 *lira*.

This was exceeded in 1824 by 900,000 *lira* of extraordinary expenses towards the new great German road, and 2,000,000 *lira*, spent in repairing the damage done by the bursting of the rivers in 1823; which carried the whole expenditure in 1824 to 7,650,000 *lira*.

There are 25 royal roads, and 217 main township roads communicating with them. To these may be added, 2108 streets in the city of Venice, of which 22 are main streets; and as no separate mention is made by Quadri of the streets of the other capital towns, they are probably in the general estimate of roads.

The state maintains 478 bridges, of which, 77 are of wood, 401 of stone; besides these there are 632 principal township bridges, 263 being of wood, and 369 of stone; and 3833 smaller bridges.

There are, moreover, 306 bridges in the city of Venice itself; of which, 36 are wooden, and 270 of stone, besides 80 private bridges.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| MON. { Royal College of Physicians..... | Nine, P.M.   |
| Royal Geographical Society.....         | Nine, P.M.   |
| Zoological Society ( <i>Scientific</i>  |              |
| Business                                | 1 p. S. P.M. |
| TUES. { Medico-Botanical Society.....   | Eight, P.M.  |
| Institution of Civil Engineers.....     | Eight, P.M.  |
| WED. { Society of Arts.....             | 2 p. 7, P.M. |
| TH. { Royal Society.....                | 2 p. S. P.M. |
| Society of Antiquaries.....             | Eight, P.M.  |
| FRID. { Royal Institution.....          | 2 p. S. P.M. |

#### THEATRICALS

|   |  |
|---|--|
| THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.                                    |  |
| This Evening, THE KING'S SEAL. THE KING'S WORD                |  |
| And KING ARTHUR.  |  |
| Monday, THE BRIGAND. (Alessandro Massarini, Mr. Wallack.)     |  |
| Tuesday, THE KING'S SEAL. THE KING'S WORD; and KING ARTHUR.   |  |
| Wednesday, THE RED MASK; and KING ARTHUR.                     |  |
| THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.                                 |  |
| This Evening, GUSTAVUS; and THE PANTOMIME.                    |  |
| Monday, THE BRIGAND. (Alessandro Massarini, Mr. Wallack.)     |  |
| Tuesday, THE KING'S SEAL. THE KING'S WORD; and THE PANTOMIME. |  |
| Tuesday, Bellini's Opera, LA SONNAMBULA.                      |  |
| THE PANTOMIME every Evening.                                  |  |

\* 607,0065 *Tornature* are equal to 15 English acres.

† The Italian *lira*, which was introduced on the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy, is exactly equivalent to the French *franc*, or 9½ English currency.

## DRURY LANE.

The constitution of the bills at this house on Tuesday had three kings at the head of it; and considering the quadruped nature of the last piece, the management might write over the door, "The Three Kings—Entertainment for Man and Horse—The King's Seal"—"The King's Word," and "King Arthur." The middle one was the novelty of Tuesday. It is an adaptation from the French by Mr. Addison; and while we allow him all due credit for a piece which, in the earlier scenes particularly, was received with great laughter and considerable applause, we must condemn the haste which has not left him time to correct the gross errors of the French author with reference to English history. The scene is laid in England, in the reign of Charles the Second; and to say nothing of a personage represented (with excellent humour) by Mr. Harley, who is, in point of occupation, scarcely equal to "Le Bailli" of a French village, but who is called "The Sheriff," we have a small farmer, whom the king has insulted by making unlawful proposals to his wife, compensated by being created Duke of Cornwall!—The ignorance of the French author really ought to have been corrected.

Miss Ellen Tree, Mr. Warde, Mr. Cooper, and all concerned, exerted themselves with praiseworthy zeal; and the success of the drama was decided.

## COVENT GARDEN.

A comedy, in three acts, called "Off to the Continent," altered from one in five, by Farquhar, entitled "The Constant Couple," was produced here on Tuesday last. We cannot think the revival a judicious one. The play, as written by Farquhar, is by no means one of his best. It is one of manners, rather than of any particular plot or interest; and though our present manners may, in truth, be little less loose or immoral than those of the day in which this comedy was written, we have at least the "ars celare artem," or decency to conceal our indecency. The Augean cleansing, too, which the dialogue has had to undergo, has removed its pungency with its impurity. Mr. Wallack, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Webster, Mrs. Faust, &c. did their best; and Miss Betts sang some songs to justify its being called a "play with music"; but, on the whole, it must be owned that it was very dull. Mr. Wallack availed himself of the only opportunity he had, and played a drunken scene remarkably well.—The costume of the piece was very queer. We remember a silly army coxcomb, who imagined that everybody must be military, and who, when addressed by a stranger, always stopped him with, "Beg your pardon—what regiment?" This question might very fairly have been put to Mr. Vining on the occasion we are writing of.

## MISCELLANEA

*Literature and Art in 1834.*—According to the "Literary Advertiser for 1834," the number of new books published during the past year was about 1270, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being upwards of 100 more than in 1833.—The number of engravings was 73 (including 31 portraits,) 15 of which are engraved in the Line manner, 49 in Mezzotinto, and 9 in Chalk, Aquatinta, &c.

*Knight's Patent Pen-holder.*—We detest steel pens, and every variety of pen, from ruby to iron, except the grey goose quill; still, steel pens have their advantages, and, certainly, many of the inconveniences of which we complain are obviated by this ingenious holder which Mr. Charles Knight has invented. The spring in the shank gives the holder elasticity, nearly equal to that of the quill, and prevents the painful weariness produced by the rigidity of all the holders previously contrived.

*Monthyon Prize.*—From the report of the proceedings of the Institute of France, we learn, that of fifty-seven memoirs forwarded by the competitors for the Monthyon legacy, the commission had decided, that that of B. Phillips, Esq., of Wimpole Street, was entitled to the first place. The subject of his Essay was "A Mode of curing Aneurismal Tumours, without Ligature of the Knife," by passing through the sac one, two, or more threads of silk.—*Medical Gazette.*

*Africa.*—(Extract from a letter, dated Old Calabar, Sept. 13, 1834.)—The natives of this place are in some degree civilized, from their constant traffic with Europeans; but they retain many of their old customs and superstitions. When a man is sick, they kill goats and fowls, and tie them to stakes opposite the door, as propitiatory sacrifices: when he dies, they keep firing guns for several days, and kill a number of slaves, according to his rank; they dance, and play upon small drums, bells, and all kinds of discordant instruments, and get drunk on *membo*, a kind of acid juice which exudes from wounds made in the bamboo. They have a caste among them which they call *Ebo-men*, who perform some ceremonies for the sick and dead, dressed up in a most grotesque manner. They circumcise, are polygamists, and abstain from certain kinds of food; but they have no form of worship—are great thieves, and very treacherous. There are a few white negroes, or *Albinos*, to be seen among them; but these are a disgusting-looking and despised variety.

• • • In one of my rambles, a few days ago, I called upon an old King, who lives a few miles in the country. I was hospitably treated, but with much ceremony. The dinner was composed principally of the flesh of the elephant, (which is coarse and strong,) yams, palm oil, salt, and pepper. I asked where they got the elephant; and they said, about eight days' journey (or 160 miles,) in the interior. When the old fellow took a tumbler of palm wine, an attendant struck a curiously-shaped bell all the time he was drinking. They eat monkeys, antelopes, deer, wild boars, goats, and sheep, and a kind of small cow, which they never milk. I have often advised them to use milk, but they are too lazy to look after the cattle: there are no horses. Several snakes have got up the cable, and been taken on the deck. There are lizards of all colours, and in great abundance; and the chameleon is sometimes met with. The products of the soil are—yams; a root called *konky* by the natives; Indian corn, plantains, and bananas. The natives cannot comprehend the percussion gun; and, one day, when I made an excursion about twenty miles up the river, when they saw me shoot birds flying, they almost fell into fits: some shook hands with me; others took me in their arms, and hugged me, swearing vehemently, that I *passed all white man, and black man too*. My spectacles, too, pose them not a little.—This is the rainy season; from June until October is wet: then come the *smokes*, lasting till the end of January; then the very hot weather; with occasional tornados, in April and May. This is the sickly time with the natives; the *smokes* are the most *unhealthy* for us.

*The River Amazon.*—We learn from the *Hampshire Telegraph* that Lieut. Wm. Smythe, and Mr. Frederick Lowe, mate, of the *Samarang*, were left at Callao, when that vessel sailed for England, they having volunteered their services, at the request of the Peruvian Government, to proceed to Lima, for the purpose of embarking on one of the branches of the river Amazon, to explore their way until its junction with the main stream, down which they are to voyage to the sea. The object is to ascertain, by survey, the practicability of bringing goods up the river Amazon, to within twelve days' journey of Lima, thus opening a new channel for the commerce

of Europe with Peru, without the danger and loss of time consequent on a passage round Cape Horn. The Peruvian government has promised every assistance in their power, and an escort of soldiers, under the command of an intelligent native officer of Engineers. Commodore Mason was, therefore, induced to give permission to those officers to remain for that purpose; and from the known skill, energy, and perseverance of Lieut. Smythe, who was with Capt. Beechey in the *Blossom*, on her voyage of discovery along the north-west coast of the South American continent, there is good reason to expect these enterprising officers will succeed in their useful though arduous attempt.

*Vegetation.*—Nothing can be more singular than the unaccountable manner in which plants spring up on certain occasions. Thus after the great fire of London in 1666, the whole surface of the devastated city was in a short time covered with a luxuriant crop of the *Sisymbrium irio*, in such profusion, that it was calculated that the whole of the rest of Europe did not contain so many specimens of this plant. Again, wherever a salt spring breaks out at a distance from the sea, its vicinity immediately abounds with salt plants, although none grew there before. When lakes are drained, a new kind of vegetation springs up. Thus, when the Danish island of Zealand was drained, Vilny observed *Carex cyperoides* springing up, although that species is naturally not a native of Denmark, but a native of the north of Germany.—*Dr. Graves's Introductory Lecture.*

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